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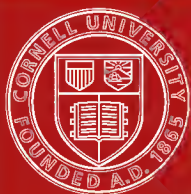
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A. L. S. 1847

The
MODERN
Scottish Minister

BY

Charles Rogers, &c. &c.



Alex. MacLagan
Edinburgh

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, NORTH BRIDGE
Booksellers & Publishers to the Queen

THE
MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL;

OR,

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND OF THE
PAST HALF CENTURY.

WITH

Memoirs of the Poets,

AND

SKETCHES AND SPECIMENS
IN ENGLISH VERSE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
MODERN GAELIC BARDS.

BY

CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.,
F.S.A. SCOT.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

EDINBURGH:
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, NORTH BRIDGE,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS TO HER MAJESTY.

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EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
FAUL'S WORK.

TO
ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE,
ESQ. OF LAMINGTON.

SIR,

I inscribe to you the present volume of "THE MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL," not to express approval of your political sentiments, nor to court your patronage as a man of rank. Political science has occupied only a limited share of my attention, and I have hitherto conducted my peculiar studies without the favour of the great. My dedication is prompted on these twofold grounds:—Bearing in your veins the blood of Scotland's Illustrious Defender, you were one of the first of your order to join in the proposal of rearing a National Monument to his memory; and while some doubted the expediency of the course, and others stood aside fearing a failure, you did not hesitate boldly to come forward as a public advocate of the enterprise. Yourself a man of letters, you were among the foremost who took an interest in the establishment of the Scottish Literary Institute, of which you are now the President—a society having for its main object the relief, in circumstances of virtuous indigence, of those men of genius and learning who have contributed by the pen to perpetuate among our countrymen that spirit of intelligence and love of freedom which, by his sword, Sir William Wallace first taught Scotsmen how to vindicate and maintain.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your very obedient, humble servant,

CHARLES ROGERS.

STIRLING, *June* 1857.

SCOTTISH LYRICS AND SCOTTISH LIFE.

By JAMES DODDS.

JUDGING from a comparison of extant remains, and other means of information now available, it may be doubted whether any country has equalled Scotland in the number of its lyrics. By the term *lyrics*, I mean specifically poetical compositions, meant and suitable to be sung, with the musical measures to which they have been wedded. I include under the term, both the compositions themselves, and their music. The Scottish ballads are numerous, the Scottish songs all but numberless, and the Scottish tunes an inexhaustible fountain of melody.

“And now ’twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel’s song,
That makes the heavens be mute.”

Look at the vast collections of them which have been published, and the additions which are ever making, either from some newly-discovered manuscript, or from oral tradition in some out-of-the-way part of the country. The numbers, too, which have been preserved, seem to be exceeded by the numbers that have unfortunately been lost. Who has not in his ears the hum of many lyrics heard by him in his childhood—

from mother, or nurse, or some old crooning dame at the fireside—which are to be found in no collection, and which are now to himself but like a distant, unformed sound? All our collectors, whilst smiling in triumph over the pearls which they have brought up and borne to the shore, lament the multitude of precious things irrecoverably buried in the depths of oblivion. Where, for instance, amid the similar wreck which has befallen so many others, are now the ancient words pouring forth the dirge over the “Flowers of the Forest,” or those describing the tragic horrors on the “Braes of Yarrow,” or those celebrating the wondrous attractions of the “Braw Lads o’ Gala Water”? We have but the two first lines—the touching key-note of a lover’s grief, in an old song, which has been most tamely rendered in Ramsay’s version—these two lines being—

“Alas! that I came o’er the moor,
And left my love behind me.”

Only one verse has floated down of an old song, which breathes the very soul of a lover’s restless longings:—

“Aye wakin’, O!
Wakin’ aye an’ eerie;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin’ on my dearie;
Aye wakin’, O!”

Does it not at once pique and disappoint the fancy, that these two graceful verses are all that remain of a song, where, doubtless, they were once but two fair blossoms in a large and variegated posy:—

“Within my garden gay
The rose and lily grew;
But the pride of my garden is wither’d away,
And it’s a’ grown o’er wi’ rue.

“Farewell, ye fading flowers !
 And farewell, bonnie Jean !
 But the flower that is now trodden under foot,
 In time it may bloom again.”

Nay—passing from the tender to the grotesque—would it not have been agreeable to hear something more than two lines from the lips of a lover so stout-hearted, yet so ardent, in his own rough, blunt way, as he who has thus commenced his song :—

“I wish my love were in a mire,
 That I might pull her out again ;”

or to know something more of the details of that extraordinary parish, of which one surviving verse draws the following sombre picture :—

“Oh ! what a parish !—eh ! what a parish !
 Oh ! what a parish is that o’ Dunkel :
 They’ve hang’d the minister, droon’d the precentor ;
 They’ve pu’d doon the steeple, and drunk the kirk-bell.”

The Scottish lyrics, lying all about, thus countless and scattered—

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallambrosa”—

are not like those which mark and adorn the literature of many other countries, the euphonisms of a meretricious court, or the rhymed musings of philosophers, or conceits from Pagan mythology, or the glancing epigrams of men of wit and of the world, or mere hunting choruses and Bacchanalian catches of a rude squirearchy. They are the ballads, songs, and tunes of the people. In their own language, but that language glittering from the hidden well of poesy—in ideas which they at once recognise as their own, because photographed from nature—these lyrics embody the loves and thoughts

of the people, the themes on which they delight to dwell, even their passions and prejudices; and vibrate in their memories, quickening the pulses of life, knitting them to the Old Land, and shedding a poetic glow over all the commonplaces of existence and occupation. It is the faithful popular memory, more than anything else, which has been the ark to save the ancient lyrics of Scotland. Not only so, but there is reason to believe that our national lyrics have, generally speaking, been creations of the men, and sometimes of the women, of the people. They are the people's, by the title of origin, no less than by the feeling of sympathy.

This, of course, is clear, as regards the great masters of the lyre who have appeared within the period of known authorship — Ramsay, Burns, Tannahill, Hogg, and Cunningham. The authors of the older lyrics—I mean both compositions and tunes—are, with few exceptions, absolutely unknown; but were there room here for discussion, it might be shewn that all the probabilities lead up, principally, to the ancient order of Minstrels, who from very early times were nearly as much organised and privileged and honoured in Scotland, as ever were the troubadours in Provence and Italy. Ellis, in the Introduction to his “Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances,” alluding to Scott's publication of “*Sir Tristrem*,” remarks—“He has shewn, by a reference to ancient charters, that the Scottish minstrels of this early period enjoyed all the privileges and distinctions possessed by the Norman *trouveurs*, whom they nearly rivalled in the arts of narration, and over whom they possessed one manifest advantage, in their familiar acquaintance with the usual scenes of chivalry.” These minstrels, like the majority of poetic singers, were no doubt sons of the people—bold, aspiring, and genius-

lit—bursting strong from their mother earth, with all her sap and force and fruitfulness about them. Amongst the last of the professed minstrels was one Burn, who wonned on the Borders as late as the commencement of the eighteenth century, and who, in his pleasant, chirping ditty of “Leader Haughs and Yarrow,” takes to himself this very title of *Minstrel*.

“ But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
 His grief while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth.
 For many a place stands in hard case,
 Where blythe folk kenn’d nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.”

Of this minstrel Burn there is a quaint little personal reminiscence. An aged person at Earlstoun many years ago related, that there used to be a portrait of the minstrel in Thirlestane Castle, near Lauder, “representing him as a douce old man, *leading a cow by a straw-rope.*” The master of the “gay science” gradually slipping down from the clouds, and settling quietly and doucely on the plain hard ground of ordinary life and business! Let all pale-faced and sharp-chinned youths, who are spasmodic poets, or who are in danger of becoming such, keep steadily before them the picture of minstrel Burn, “leading a cow by a straw-rope”—and go and do likewise.

But as trees and flowers can only grow and come to perfection in soils by nature appropriate to them, so it is manifest that all this rich and fertile growth of lyrics, of minstrelsy and music, could only spring up amongst a people most impressionable and joyous. I speak of the Lowland population, and especially of the Borderers,

with whose habits, manners and customs, alone I am personally acquainted; and the lingering traces of whose old forms of life—so gay, kindly, and suggestive—I saw some thirty years ago, just before they sank under the mammonism, commonplace, critical apery, and cold material self-seeking, which have hitherto been the plague of the present generation. We have become more practical and knowing than our forefathers, but not so wise. We are now a “fast people;” but we miss the true goal of life—that is, *sober happiness*. Fast to smattering; fast to outward, isolated show; fast to bankruptcy; fast to suicide; fast to some finalé of enormous and dreadful infamy. Bah! rather the plain, honest, homely life of our grandfathers—

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn’d to stray;
 Along the cool, sequester’d vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Or rather (for every age has its own type, and old forms of life cannot be stereotyped and reproduced), let us have a philosophic and Christian combination of modern adventure and “gold-digging” with old-fashioned balance of mind, and neighbourliness, and open-heartedness, and thankful enjoyment.

Our Scottish race have been—yes, and notwithstanding modern changes, still are—a joyous people—a people full of what I shall term *a lyric joyousness*. I say they still are—as may be found any day up the Ettricks, and Yarrowes, and Galas—up any of our Border glens and dales. The Borderers continue to merit the tribute paid to them in the odd but expressive lines of Wordsworth:—

“The pleasant men of Tiviotdale,
 Fast by the river Tweed.”

From time immemorial they have been enthusiastic lovers of song and music, and have been thoroughly imbued with their influences. Bishop Leslie, a contemporary of the state of manners which he describes, has recorded of them, upwards of two centuries ago—“That they take extreme delight in their music, and in their ballads, which are composed amongst themselves, celebrating the deeds of their ancestors, or the valour and success of their predatory expeditions;” which latter, it must be remembered, were esteemed, in those days, not only not criminal, but just, honourable, and heroic. What a gush of mirth overflows in king James’ poem of “Peebles to the Play,” descriptive of the Beltane or May-day festival, four hundred years ago! at Peebles, a charming pastoral town in the upper district of the vale of the Tweed:—

“ At Beltane, when ilk body bouns
 To Peebles to the play,
 To hear the singin’ and the souu’s,
 The solace, sooth to say.
 By firth and forest forth they wound,
 They graithit them full gay :
 God wot what they would do that stound,
 For it was their feast-day,
 They said,
 Of Peebles to the play !

“ Hop, Calye, and Cardronow
 Gatherit out thick-fald,
 With, *Hey and How and Rumbelow !*
 The young folk were full bald.
 The bagpipe blew, and they out threw
 Out of the towns untald :
 Lord ! sic ane shout was them amang,
 When they were owre the wald,
 There west
 Of Peebles to the play ! ”

Thirty years ago, the same joyousness prevailed in a thousand forms—in hospitality, in festivity, in merry customs, in an exquisite social sense, in the culture of the humorous and the imaginative, in impressibility to every touch of noble and useful enthusiasm. It would be easy to dilate upon the causes which seem to have produced this choice joyous spirit in so unexpected a region as the far, bleak North: but that would be a lengthened subject; and we must content ourselves at present with the fact. And, instead of branching out into general vague illustrations of what I mean by this lyric joyousness, I shall *localise* it, and embody the meaning in a sketch, light and imperfect it must be, of a real place and a real life—such as mine own eyes witnessed when a boy—and in the fond resuscitation of which, amidst the usual struggles and anxieties allotted to middle age, memory and feeling now find one of their most soothing exercises.

Let me transport the reader in imagination to the Vale of the Tweed, that classic region—the Arcadia of Scotland, the haunt of the Muses, the theme of so many a song, the scene of so many a romantic legend. And there, where that most crystalline of rivers has attained the fulness of its beauty and splendour—just before it meets and mingles in gentle union with its scarce less beauteous sister, “sweet Teviot”—on one of those finely swelling eminences which everywhere crown its banks, rise the battlements of Fleurs Castle, which has long been the seat of the Roxburghe family. It is a peerless situation; the great princely mansion, ever gleaming on the eye of the traveller, at whatever point he may be, in the wide surrounding landscape. It comes boldly out from the very heart of an almost endless wood—old, wild, and luxuriant, having no forester but nature—spreading

right, left, and behind, away and away, till lost in the far horizon. Down a short space in front, a green undulating haugh between, roll the waters of the Tweed, with a bright clear radiance to which the brightest burnished silver is but as dimness and dross. On its opposite bank is a green huge mound—all that now remains of the mighty old Roxburgh Castle, aforetime the military key of Scotland, and within whose once towering precincts oft assembled the royalty, and chivalry, and beauty of both kingdoms. At a little distance to the east of Fleurs, the neat quaint abbey-town of Kelso, with its magnificent bridge, nestles amid greenery, close to the river. And afar to the south, the eye, tired at last with so vast a prospect, and with such richness and variety of scenery, rests itself on the cloud-capt range of the Cheviots, in amplitude and grandeur not unmeet to sentinel the two ancient and famous lands.

Upwards of thirty years ago, the ducal coronet of Roxburghe was worn by a nobleman who was then known, and is still remembered on Tweedside, as the "Good Duke James." The history of his life, were there any one now to tell it correctly, would be replete with interest. I cannot pretend to authentic knowledge of it; but I know the outline as I heard it when a child—as it used to be recited, like a minstrel's tale, by the gray-haired cottager sitting at his door of a summer evening, or by some faithful old servant of the castle, on a winter's night, over his flagon of ale, at the rousing hall-fire. And from all I have ever learned since, I judge that these country stories in the main were accurate.

He was not by birth a *Ker*—the family name of the house of Roxburghe—descended of the awful "Habbie Ker" in Queen Mary's troublous time, the Taille-Bois of the Borders, the Ogre-Baron of tradition, whose name

is still whispered by the peasant with a kind of *eeriness*, as if he might start from his old den at Cessford, and pounce upon the rash speaker. Duke James was an Innes of the "north countrie;" Banff or Cromarty. He was some eight years of age in the dismal '45. Though his father was Hanoverian, the "Butcher" Cumberland shewed him but little favour in the course of his merciless ravages after Culloden. A troop of dragoons lived at free quarters on his estate; and one of them, in mere wanton cruelty, fired at the boy when standing at his father's door, and the ball grazed his face. Seventy years afterwards, when he was duke, the Ettrick Shepherd happened to dine at Fleurs. He was then collecting his "Jacobite Relics," and the Duke asked him what was his latest ballad? The Shepherd answered, it was a version of "Highland Laddie." He sang it. On coming to the verse,

"Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie,
Cumberland's awa' to hell,
Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie!"

the Duke burst into one of his ringing laughs—the fine, deep *Ho, ho!* that would drown all our effeminate modern gigglings, the sound of which lingers amongst the memories of my boyhood. "He well deserves it—he well deserves it—the wretch! Ho, ho!"—and he shouted with laughter, and threw himself into all the rough unceremonious humour of the ballad, finishing off by relating his own dire experience of the doings of Cumberland and his dragoons in the north. It seems he entered into the army, and served in the American war. After retiring, I believe he took up his residence in England—Devonshire, I think; his name at this time was Sir James Norcliffe Innes. During the once-be-

lauded "good old times" of George III. he distinguished himself by holding and manfully avowing opinions which were then branded as Jacobinism; and he was an intimate friend, and I have heard an active supporter of the virtuous and patriotic Major Cartwright. About the beginning of the present century, the direct line of the Roxburghe Kers having failed, a competition arose amongst a host of claimants, for the estate and honours of that ancient House. After a most protracted and severe litigation, which forms one of the *Causés Celebrés* in the law-books of Scotland, Sir James Norcliffe Innes was preferred. When approaching fourscore, he was installed Duke of Roxburghe, and put on a coronet at an age, long before which most part of mankind have put on their shrouds. He put it on—ay, and for many years wore it stout and stark—nobly, loftily, sweetly—with a dignity, simplicity, large-heartedness, and munificence, the remembrance of which somehow always brings to my mind that majestic line of Shakspeare, containing, after all, only a name and title, yet sounding as the embodiment of whatever is great and heroic in human character—

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster!"

I see him before me, as he lives in the recollections of childhood—as he lives and seems to speak in Raeburn's inimitable portrait at Fleurs. What a perfect mould of man! scarce one mark of old age in that face—no sign of weakness or decay in that frame, which has weathered eighty winters. He was over the middle size; straight, firm, strong built, and compact, with the air of native lordliness and command. His countenance was peculiarly beautiful, full and rounded as if young; fresh-coloured; and beaming with health, spirit, and

vivacity. Its almost womanly sweetness was chastened and redeemed by the massiveness of the head, the deep penetrating eye, and an aspect of uncommon elevation and nobleness. Till the last, he was the very personification of the old *Dux*—the Duke of Chivalry—the foremost leader and commander of the people. But instead of chained mail and helmet, he was to be seen every day walking about amongst his people in hoddin-gray coat, nankeen breeches, white vest, and rumped white hat—plain, easy, manly, and unaffected in all things.

Beyond the honour of an occasional pinch of the ears, or that kind, homely greeting which in passing he bestowed on all of us, young and old, I did not and could not know him personally. But, from those who did, I have always heard the highest estimate of his character, intellectually and morally. He possessed extensive information; but rather that of a man who had moved much about, and observed much, than from book-lore. His understanding was of the most masculine order—in all his views and judgments, distinguished by clearness, decision, and energy. But his great mental characteristic seems to have been *wisdom*—that fine, just inward sense of things, which, like poetry, is born in a man, not acquired—the result, generally, as in his case, of an innate power, combined with large, varied, and calming experience. Like most men of this stamp, he had both a keen sense of the humorous, and a racy talent for it; abounded in sententious, remarkable sayings; and had a dash of playfulness and eccentricity which gave a zest to his many solid excellences. The physician who attended his deathbed, often expressed regret that he had not kept a memorandum of his many striking observations during the short period of his ill-

ness. His character, morally, may be summed up in its two polar qualities—justice the most austere, generosity the most tender and boundless. Interwoven through his whole dispositions and actions was a strong, vehement temperament, which infused into all he said and did a vivid intensity, which would sometimes degenerate into sallies of passion, but which, upon the whole, raised and exalted his character to the true heroic dimensions. His factor, a respectable Edinburgh burgess, a gunsmith by trade, whom he had selected for no aptitude but from the freak of the name (Innes), could not always appreciate his schemes of improvement on the estate, which really were not based on economic considerations, but were meant to afford large means of employment to the people. In consequence, the duke, though he respected him greatly, would sometimes be ruffled, and blurt out a harsh thing at his expense. Walking with him one day in the fields, he was explaining with the most animated eloquence, where he intended to make some drains. “But,” interrupted the burgess-factor, only thinking of the balance-sheet, “you will spend a great deal of money.” “Yes,” retorted the old nobleman, with ineffable contempt; “you have guessed my object: I *will* spend a great deal of money.” Then, turning quick on his heel, “You know more about the barrel of an old gun than about drains.” After one of those sallies, the factor, who resided a few miles from Fleurs, and had swallowed and forgotten the bitter dose, was preparing, about twelve o’clock at night, to go to bed, when there was a sharp, sudden ring at the door-bell. It was a messenger from the duke, with a letter, in which he stated, that, in reflecting on the incidents of the day before retiring to rest, he felt remorse for the taunt which he had uttered; that it was the ebullition of the

moment, but cruel and unkind; and that he could not sleep until he had received forgiveness. It may be conceived in what ardent terms the factor replied, and with what redoubled attachment he regarded and served such a master! This was no exceptional blink of goodness. It was only a specimen of his habit of justice, even against himself—of his magnanimity and generous candour—changeless as the sun.

During the just, benignant sway of the “good Duke James,” perhaps Fleurs was the happiest place of all Scotland to live in;—not a happier could be in the wide world. To have been born and brought up there, and in one’s childhood to have had such a taste of the “golden age,” I have always esteemed the sweetest privilege of life. No one can become utterly sour, no one can lose faith and hope in humanity, who was nurtured on the milk and honey of Fleurs, under “good Duke James.” Poetry and enthusiasm must spring eternal in his breast. This is no illusion from the fancies of boyhood. Ask the old peasant of Tweedside—a mature, hardy man then—and he will tell, with a glow on his cheek, and a tear, due to remembrance, in his eye, “Ah! the Fleurs was a braw place under auld Duke Jemmy!” Nature, industry, peace, mirth, love, a kindred soul between duke and people, seemed to breathe in every gale there, and sing in the matins and vespers of every bird. There the *lyric joyousness*, characteristic of the Scottish people when allowed freely to develop, expanded itself to the utmost of its power and fervour. Fleurs was like the “Ida Vale” of Spenser:—

“In Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)

When harmless Troy yet felt not Grecian spite,

An hundred shepherds wonn’d; and in the dale,

While their fair flocks the three-leaved pastures bite,

The shepherd boys, with hundred sportings light,
Gave wings unto the time's too speedy haste."

In our old, picturesque Saxon form of speech, the husband was the "*bread-winner*." Duke James was emphatically the "*bread-giver*." To furnish employment, to diffuse comfort and happiness amongst the employed, was the all-absorbing object of his life. Anything that would have ministered to his own luxury and glorification was but little heeded. There might be pleasure-grounds more ornamental than his, walks more trim, conservatories more gaudily replenished with exotics, chambers more resplendent with costly furniture and pictures by the great masters, equipage more gay and dashing—in all that belonged to the *personnel*, he was plain and moderate; but where was there ever such planting of forests, or cutting of timber, or building of this and the other structure—all kinds of heavy works, employing hundreds of hands? On many of the high labour-festivals which signalised the calendar at Fleurs, upwards of *three hundred people*, all earning their livelihood under his patriarchal sway, would dine together in the court, and dance together on the velvet lawn in front of his castle. At six o'clock on a mild summer evening, what a spectacle, to see Fleurs gate thrown wide open, and troop after troop of labourers *debouche!*—not worn-out, fagged, and sullen, but marching with alacrity and cheerfulness—the younger liting a merry song, the older and more careful carrying home fagots of wood, gathered at their resting hours, to supply the fire for their cheap evening meal. And all had some story to tell of the *Duke!*—some little trait of kindness, or some of those drolleries in which he would occasionally indulge, but ever without loss of dignity. He used to walk for hours together beside my grandfather whilst holding the

plough—a wise and holy man, an Abraham amongst the people—and converse with him as brother with brother, especially on the incidents of his own life, and on matters of religion. On his coming forward, my grandfather would take off his hat; but the duke would stop him, and say, “Keep on your hat, James. It’s all very well to teach the young fellows manners, but there’s no ceremony between you and me; we are equals—two plain old men.” His servants, of whatever degree, dined together in the common hall; but some of the more aspiring “ambitioned” (as the Yankees say) a separate table. One of them, who was supposed to be rather a favourite, was deputed to break the project to the duke, and obtain his consent at some propitious moment. Thinking he had him one day in a most accommodating temper, he cautiously hinted the scheme, and gradually waxed bolder, and disclosed all particulars, as the duke seemed to listen with tacit approval. “Well, well,” answered the duke, carelessly, “all my servants are alike to me. You may dine at one table, or at twenty, if you can so arrange it. But whatever the number”—here his voice rose ominously, and his eye flashed with anger—“you, sirrah, shall dine at the lowest!” The great question of the “tables” was crushed. Sometimes—after the fashion of Haroun al Raschid, though not in disguise—he would steal down quietly and unperceived, through the out-of-the-way holes and corners of the immense castle, to see with his own eyes what the inhabitants of the remoter regions were about. Some dry joke, or some act of benevolence, according to circumstances, was sure to be the result. As he was one day poking through the passages, he suddenly encountered an enormously big, fat servant-woman, engaged in cleaning a stair. She was steam-

ing with perspiration. Eyeing her curiously for a moment, "Ho, ho!" he cried (his usual introductory exclamation), "do *you* bake the bread?" The woman, staring in astonishment, and, fortunately for her own self-complacency, not understanding the point of the strange question, replied, "No, your grace, that is not my department; I am in the laundry, and my business is"— "Oh, never mind," said the duke, with the look of one greatly relieved, "I am perfectly satisfied so you don't bake the bread." A decayed gentleman, who had found harbourage at Fleurs, was staying rather longer than convenient. It was in the depth of winter, and the ground was covered with snow. The duke, who was an early riser in all seasons, had been out for his morning walk; and on his return proceeded to the gentleman's room, who was still in bed. "You lazy lie-a-bed!" exclaimed the duke, "there 's a snow-ball for you—and there 's another—and there 's another," and suiting the action to the word, he discharged into the bed upon him a shower of white-looking balls; but they happened to be, not snow-balls, but pound-notes squeezed into the shape—report said, twenty in number. The gentleman took the practical but benevolent hint, and departed, carrying with him the snow-balls, not melted. In his more serious mood, he, one Sabbath, met a girl returning from church, and inquired what church she had been attending. He then walked with her a long time, discoursing upon the slight shades of difference amongst the various religious denominations, and concluded, "I shall not see it, but I believe that, in course of time, there will be only one sheepfold under the one Shepherd."

Labour at Fleurs was a twin to mirth. We were always having festivities. The duke was ingenious in devising reasons for them. Because he was Scotch by

origin, he celebrated all the peculiar Scottish festivals; because he was English by residence, he celebrated all the peculiar English festivals; because in his youth the "Old Style" of computing the year was still used, he first of all held Old Year's Day, and New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night, according to the new style, and then repeated the observance all over again, according to the old style. And there was a constant succession, the whole year through, of birth-days, and the commemoration of public holidays and rejoicings.

"It was a merry place in days of yore."

Suppose summer shining in all its pride, and that labour is to enjoy one of its highest festivals at Fleurs. All work ceases at noon; and by two, the people, dressed in holiday attire, muster at the trysting-spot, and march in a body to the castle, preceded by Tam Anderson, the duke's piper, a grave, old-fashioned man, in livery of green coat and black velvet breeches—a fossil specimen he of what the Border minstrel once was, when his art was in its prime. As Tam drones away on his bagpipe "Lumps o' Puddin'," and "Brose and Butter," they take their places at three long tables, covering a large court. Three hundred workpeople and their families are there; for the duke sternly forbids any but his own people to be present. It is in vain for me, whose knowledge of cookery never extended beyond the Edinburgh student's fare of mince collops and Prestonpans beer, to attempt a description of this monster-feast—the mountains of beef and dumplings, the wilderness of pasties and tarts, the orchardfuls of fruit, the oceans of strong ale—the very fragments of which would have been enough to carry a garrison through a twelvemonth's siege. After having "satiated themselves with eating

and drinking," like the large-stomached heroes of the antique world, they had an hour's interval for sauntering, that healthy digestion-might have time to arrange and stow away the immense load which the vessel had just taken in. Again, however, they marshalled to the piper's warning note, playing, "Fy, let us a' to the bridal!" and this time marched to the spacious, smooth, and beautiful lawn in front of the castle, where *Givan's Band* awaited their arrival, and the dance speedily began. The merriment now swelled to ecstasy; lads and lasses leaped through and through, as on the wings of zephyrs; a hundred couples bounding at once on the green sward; the old folks chiming in the chorus of universal laughter, and snapping their fingers to the dances in which they had no longer the strength and nimbleness to join; the youngsters getting up mimic reels in sly corners; and the music seeming to stir into delight the branches of the great elms which festooned this ball-room of nature. But was there not something awanting to complete the unity of the scene? Where was the presiding divinity?

" . . . *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,*
Namque erit ille mihi semper deus."

Oh, for an hour past he has been watching the rustic carnival from yonder portico, with his gracious duchess (much his junior), his true help-meet in everything good, courteous, and benevolent! At length he descends into the circle, with a smile to all, a word of recognition to this one, a light airy jest at the expense of that one, and a responsive *hooch* to the wild, whirling dancers. As he advances, all the pretty girls draw themselves up to catch his eye, and to have the honour of his hand in the dance. He strolls about, peering gently, until, in some obscure corner, he

espies a young, shy, modest damsel, the lowliest there, whom no one is noticing, a lowly worker in the back kitchen, or even in the fields. Her he selects—blushing with surprise and a tumult of nameless emotions—to be Queen of the festival; he pats her on the shoulders, whispers paternal-gallant things in her ear, and calling lustily for “Tullochgorum” from the fiddlers, leads her gracefully through the dance, himself—though upwards of eighty—throwing some steps of the Highland Fling, snapping his fingers, and *hooching* in unison with the impassioned throng of youths around him—those young stately plants who have grown up under the dew and shelter of his benign protection. When the dance is finished, kissing her on the cheek, he leads his little simple partner back to her seat, and leaves her in a delicious vision of the good old duke, who had distinguished her, sitting solitary and unnoticed, above all her companions, and placed the coronal upon her brow, queen of the festival. As he returns slowly to the castle, there is an involuntary pause in the merry-making. The musicians lay down their bows, the youths stop short in the mazes of the Bacchic dance, the spectators stand up uncovered, the subtle electric chain of love and loyalty passes between duke and people, and a grand universal “hurrah!” rings through the welkin—the outburst of gratitude, reverence, and joy. It is touching, solemn, sublime, this pause and outburst of feeling in the midst of the wild festal scene. Not a maiden there but loves him as she would a father; not a stalwart hind but, if need were, would die in defence of his old chief. “When the ear hears him, then it blesses him; and when the eye sees him, it gives witness to him; because he delivers the poor that cry, and the fatherless, and him that has none to help him. The blessing of him that is

ready to perish comes upon him ; and he causes the widow's heart to sing for joy. He puts on righteousness, and it clothes him ; his judgment is as a robe and a diadem."

But eighty-six years are a heavy load on the shoulders even of a giant. The grasshopper at length becomes a burden to the strongest and most cheerful. News came from the Castle that our old duke was unwell, was confined to his room, then to his bed. One morning—I remember it as if yesterday—as I was walking through the court-yard with one of the farm-servants, the butler looked from a window above, shook his head mournfully, folded his arms across his breast, and bent his eyes towards the ground. We read his meaning at a glance,—“The good Duke James was dead !” For days and days the people gave way to a deep, even a passionate grief, as if each had lost a beloved father, and was left to all the loneliness and privation of an orphan's lot. The body, or rather the coffin which enclosed it, was laid out in state ; and they were allowed to take a last farewell of their chief. His valet, a favourite servant, stood at the head, with his handkerchief almost constantly over his eyes, scarcely able to hide his tears. The chamber was dimly lighted, and filled with all the emblems of woe—in this case no mimicry. All walked round, slowly and solemnly—the ancients of the hamlet, the stalwart peasantry, and the women leading the children by the hand—all gazing intently on the spot where the dead lay, as if even yet to catch a glimpse of that piercing eye and benignant smile. The silence was profound, awful, but for a throbbing under-hum as of stifled breath, broken ever and anon by a sharp sob—the “*hysterica passio*,” the “*climbing sorrow*,” which even reverence and self-restraint could no longer keep down. The day of the funeral arrived. His remains

were to be borne about twelve miles off, to Bowden, under the shadow of the three-peaked Eildons, for there the ancient vault is where lie "the race of the house of Roxburghe." The long, long line of mourning carriages I well remember; but these only spoke the general respect and commonplace regret of the neighbourhood, which are incident to such an occasion. His *people* in their hundreds—these were his mourners! The younger and stronger of them, in one way or other, accompanied the death procession to the last resting-place. The women of the place, leading the children, went down, all weeping as they went, to a bend in the Tweed, where there would be a last view of the funeral train. There it was!—darkly marching on the opposite bank, winding round the mouldering hillock which was once Roxburgh Castle, and finally disappearing—disappearing for ever!—behind that pine-covered height! As the last of the train floated and melted away from the horizon, we all sunk to the ground at once, as if struck by some instantaneous current; and such a wail rose that day as Tweed never heard; whilst an echoing voice seemed to cry along his banks, and into the depth of his forests—"The last of the Patriarch-Dukes has departed!"

One instance is worth a thousand dissertations. And the above thin water-colour sketch of a *real popular life*, though presenting only one or two out of an endless variety of its phases, will give a more distinct conception than a volume of fanciful generalities could, of what I mean by the lyric joyousness of the Scottish people; and is, besides, a sincere, though mean and unworthy tribute to the virtues of a true patriarchal nobleman, about the last of the race, whose name, if the world were not too apt to forget its most excellent ones, would be eternised in the memory of mankind.

It is from this soil—this sensitive and fervid national temperament—that there has sprung up such a harvest of ballads, and songs, and heart-moving, soul-breathing melodies. Hence the hearty old habits and curious suggestive customs of the people: the hospitality, exuberant as Abraham's, who sat in the tent-door bidding welcome even to the passing traveller; the merry-meetings and "rockings" in the evening, where each had to contribute his or her song or tale, and at the same time ply some piece of work; the delight in their native dances, furious and whirling as those of the Bacchantes; the "Guisarding" of the boys at Christmas, relic of old-world plays, when the bloody melodrama finished off into the pious benediction—

" God bless the master of the house,
The mistress also,
And all the pretty babies
That round the table go ;"

the "first foot," on New Year's morning, when none must enter a house empty-handed; the "Hogmanay," or first Monday of the new year, when the whole boys and girls invaded the country-side, and levied from the peaceful inhabitants black-mail of cakes, and cheese, and ha'pence—

" Get up, gudewife ! and shake your feathers,
Dinna think that we are beggars ;
We are bairns come out to play,
Rise up and gie's our Hogmanay !"—

the "Halloween," whose rites of semi-diablerie have been immortalised by Burns; and the "Kirn," or Harvest Home, the wind-up of the season, the epitome of the lyric joyousness of the whole year. Hence it is that under an exterior, to strangers so reserved, austere, and frigid, they all cherish some romantic thought, or feeling,

or dream : they are all inly imbued with an enthusiasm which surmounts every obstacle, and burns the deeper and faster the more it is repressed. Every one of us, calling up the history of our own little circle of cottage mates and schoolfellows, could recount numerous pregnant examples of this national characteristic. And hence, also, after wandering the wide world, and buffeting in all the whirlpools of life, cautiously waiting chances, cannily slipping in when the door opens, and struggling for distinction or wealth in all kinds of adventure, and under the breath of every clime—there are few, indeed, of our people, when twilight begins to gather over their path, but turn towards the light that comes from their old homes ; and would fain pass a serene and meditative old age by the burnside where they “ paidled ” in their youth, and lay down their bones beside their fathers in the kirkyard of yon calm sequestered glen. Scott went down to the nether springs of the national character when he made his “ Last Minstrel ” sing—

“ By Yarrow’s stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my wither’d cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone ! ”

Times have changed, it is true, even within the comparatively short space which has elapsed since the death of the Good Duke James of Roxburghe. Or rather, he was the last lingering representative of an age, of ideas, of a state of manners—lovely, but transitional—which had even then vanished, except the parting ray that fell on that one glistening spot. It was the transition from Mediæval Clanship to Modern Individualism—from that form of society where thousands clustered devotedly round the banner of one, their half-worshipped chief, to

the present fashion, where it is, "Every man for himself, and God for us all!" Yet the period of transition was a golden age. It was a golden age—I know it, for I lived in it. There was the old patriarchy—the feeling, undefinable to those who have not experienced the same state of life, as if gods walked upon earth; and with this patriarchal, overshadowing, protecting sway, derived from the old, there was blended the modern recognition of the rights and dignity of man—the humblest man—as an individual. Thrown, as we all now are, into the modern anarchy, hurly-burly, and caricaturism, when fathers are "old governors," and dukes are served solely for their wages and pickings, like Mr Prog, the sausage-vendor, and the gentle look of respect and courtesy has been exchanged for the puppy's stare through a quizzing-glass; is it not something to have lived in the more reverent primitive state, to have tasted its early vernal freshness, and basked in its sunshine of loyal homage, and beautiful and stately repose?

Yet far be it from me to croak as the "laudator temporis acti." Past, present, and future—all are divine—all are parts of a celestial scheme—none to be scorned, all to be loved and improved. But the past is under the sod; the future is behind the clouds; the present alone has its foot upon the green sward. In a higher sense than the epicure's, it is "*our own*." Let us, then, appreciate, exalt, and enjoy it. There are good and glorious signs in our present, amid much that is of earth earthy, and of self selfish. If man has become more isolated, more rigidly defined, and has been stript of most of his old pictorial haloes—he is also beginning to display a plain, honest, equal, fraternal yearning and sympathy, man to man. Our hard material age shews the buddings of a poetry of its own. Streams shall gush

from the rock. If there were, in the days of loyal Clanhood, joyousness, and generous susceptibility, festive reliefs to labour, and reverence for greatness ; why should not this be so even more, under the influence of common Brotherhood ? “Charity never faileth !” Everything dies but charity and joy. Even in the general conflagration, these will be exhaled from earth, only to burst forth afresh in heaven—“a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God.”

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THE
MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

THE
MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.*

FRANCIS BENNOCH, the son of a farmer on the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and of a mother whose family have been tenants on the same estate for nearly two hundred years, was born at Drumcrool, in the parish of Durrisdeer, and county of Dumfries, on the 25th June 1812. At the age of sixteen, in February 1828, he arrived in London, and entered a house of business in the city. During the nine ensuing years, he assiduously pursued his avocation, and strove to make himself master of the elements and practice of trade. In 1837 he commenced on his own responsibility, and every succeeding year has advanced him in mercantile prosperity and position. Now, at the head of the firm of Bennoch, Twentyman, & Rigg, wholesale traders and manufacturers, there is no name in the city more universally respected.

In the corporate body of the city of London Mr Bennoch for some years took a prominent part as a citizen, a common councilman, and lastly as the deputy of a ward.

* The present Memoir has been prepared at our request by the veteran William Jerdan, late of the *Literary Gazette*.

An independent man and a reformer of abuses, he has so managed his opposition to measures, and even to men, as to win the warm approval of his own friends, and the respect of the leaders of all parties. His plans for bridging the Thames may be referred to in proof of his patriotic devotedness to improvement.

Influenced in his youth by the genius of the locality in which he was born, to which the Ayrshire Ploughman had left a legacy of immortal song, succeeded by Allan Cunningham, and a number of distinguished followers, it was not, however, till he had been two years a denizen of the metropolis that Mr Bennoch's Scottish feeling sought to vent itself in verse. The love of country is as inherent and vehement in the children of the North as in the Swiss mountaineers; wheresoever they wander from it, their hearts yearn towards the fatherland—

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of their sires”—

with the same cherished and enduring affection which excites in the *Rans des Vaches* so overpowering a sympathy. And the pastoral is perhaps even more replete with the poetical elements than the “stern and wild.” It is amid such scenes as the Doon, the Tweed, the Teviot, the Ettrick, the Gala, and the Nith adorn, that the jaded senses are prone to seek recreation, and the spirit, tired with work or worn with cares, flees rejoicingly from the world to the repose of its first breathing and time-sweetened, boyish delights. Thus we find young Bennoch, amid the clatter of the great city, turning to the quiet of his native valley to sing the charms of the Nith, where he

“Had paidlet i' the burn,
And pu'd the gowans fine.”

It was in the *Dumfries Courier* that his first poetic essay found its way to print. That journal was then edited by the veteran M'Diarmid, himself an honour to the literature of Scotland, and no mean judge of its poetry. A cheer from such a quarter was worth the winning, and our aspirant fairly won it, by the five stanzas of which the following is the last :—

“The flowers may fade upon your banks,
 The breckan on the brae,
 But, oh ! the love I ha'e for thee
 Shall never pass away.
 Though age may wrinkle this smooth brow,
 And youth be like a dream,
 Still, still my voice to heaven shall rise
 For blessings on your stream !”

But banks and braes, and straths and streams, and woods and waves, though very dear to memory, merely come up to the painted beauties of descriptive verse. They must be warmed through

“The dearest theme
 That ever waked the poet's dream,”

and love must fill the vision, before the soul can soar above the delicious but inanimate charms of earth, into the glowing region of human feeling and passion.

“In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And man below, and saints above :
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love !”

Nor was this essential inspiration wanting in the breast of the young bard. The climate of Caledonia is

cold, but that the hearts of her sons are susceptible of tropic warmth is shewn by a large proportion of her lyric treasures. Heroism, pathos, satire, and a peculiar quaint humour, present little more than an equal division, and the attributes of the wholly embodied Scottish muse attest the truth of the remark on the characteristic heat and fire which pervade her population, and excite them to daring in war and ardour in gentler pursuits. Thus Bennoch sung his Mary, Jessie, Bessie, Isabel, and other belles, but above all his Margaret:—

“The moon is shining, Margaret,
Serenely bright above,
And, like my dearest Margaret,
Her every look is love !
The trees are waving, Margaret,
And balmy is the air,
Where flowers are breathing, Margaret,
Come, let us wander there.

Yes ! there’s a hand, dear Margaret,
A heart it gives to thee ;
When heaven is false, my Margaret,
Then I may faithless be.”

In the volume whence the preceding quotations are taken (second edition, 1843), the principal poem is “The Storm,” in which occur many passages of singular vigour, and slighter touches of genuine poetry. Thus—

“The sea, by day so smooth and bright,
Is far more lovely seen by night,
When o’er old Ocean’s wrinkled brow,
The night has hung her silver bow,
And stars in myriads ope their eyes
To guide the footsteps of the wise,
And in the deep reflected lie,
Till Ocean seems a second sky ;
And ships, like wing’d aerial cars,
Are voyaging among the stars.”

This is—

“ Ere winter comes with icy chain,
And clanks his fetters o'er the ground.”

The impersonation of Winter himself is very striking—

“ Loud, loud were the shouts of his boisterous mirth,
As he scatter'd dismay o'er the smiling earth ;
The clouds were rent as the storm was driven ;
He howl'd and laugh'd in the face of heaven.”

The temperament and inclination cherished by the love of song, naturally seek the companionship of similar tastes and congenial enjoyments. Thus, in the midst of the turmoil and distractions of orders and sales, invoices and shipments, Mr Bennoch has always found leisure to pay his court to literature, and cultivate the society of those whose talents adorn it. Conjoined with this, a skilful appreciation of works of art has led him to intimate relations with many of the leading artists of our time. The interesting Biography of Haydon affords a glimpse at the character of some of these relations. Wherever disappointed and however distressed, poor Haydon “ claimed kindred here, and had his claim allowed.” To his mercantile friend in Wood Street he never applied in vain. To a very considerable extent his troubles were solaced, his difficulties surmounted, his dark despair changed to golden hope, and the threat of the gaol brightened into another free effort of genius to redeem itself from the thralls of law and grinding oppression. Had his generous friend not been absent from England at the fatal time, it is very probable that the dreadful catastrophe would have been averted ; but he only landed from the continent to receive the shocking intelligence that all was over. Friendship could but shed the unavailing tear, but it did not forget or neglect the dear family interests for which (in some measure)

the despairing sacrifice was made. It is to be hoped that such an unhappy event has been somewhat compensated by the social intercourse with talent ever hospitably cherished, not only in his pleasant home in Blackheath Park, but amid the precious hours that could be snatched from most active engagements in Wood Street. At either, authors and artists are constantly met; and the brief snatches alluded to are often so heartily occupied as to rival, if not surpass, the slower motions of the more prolonged entertainments. Both may boast of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and a crowning increase to these enjoyments is derived from the circumstance, that Mr Bennoch's connexions with the Continent, and more especially with the United States, contribute very frequently to engraft upon these "re-unions" a variety of eminent foreigners and intellectual citizens of America. It is a trite saying, that few men can be good or useful abroad who are not happy at home. Mr Bennoch has been fortunate in wedded life. She who is the theme of many of his sweetest and most touching verses, is a woman whom a poet may love and a wise man consult; in whom the sociable gentleman finds an ever cheerful companion, and the husband a loving and devoted friend.

Among the latest of Mr Bennoch's movements in literary affairs, may be mentioned his services on behalf of the late estimable Mary Russell Mitford. Through his intervention the public was gratified by the issue of "Atherton," and other tales, and also by a collected edition of her dramatic works, which she dedicated to him as an earnest of her affectionate regard.

Mr Bennoch is a member of the Society of Arts, the Royal Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Society of Literature, and the Scottish Literary Institute.

TRUTH AND HONOUR.

If wealth thou art wooing, or title, or fame,
There is that in the doing brings honour or shame ;
There is something in running life's perilous race,
Will stamp thee as worthy, or brand thee as base.
Oh, then, be a man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a king—be thy kingship right royally shewn,
And trust to thy subjects to shelter thy throne ;
Rely not on weapons or armies of might,
But on that which endureth,—laws loving and right.
Though a king, be a man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a noble—remember, though ancient thy blood,
The heart truly noble is that which is good ;
Should a stain of dishonour encrimson thy brow,
Thou art slave to the peasant that sweats at the plough.
Be noble as man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If lover or husband—be faithful and kind,
For doubting is death to the sensitive mind ;
Love's exquisite passion a breath may destroy ;
The sower in faith, reapeth harvests of joy.
Love dignifies man—and, whatever betide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

If a father—be firm, yet forgiving, and prove
 How the child honours him who rebuketh with love.
 If rich, or if poor, or whate'er thou may'st be,
 Remember the truthful alone are the free.
 Erect in thy manhood, whatever betide,
 Keep truth thy companion, and honour thy guide.

Then, though sickness may come, or misfortunes may
 fall,
 There is that in thy bosom surviveth them all ;
 Truth, honour, love, friendship, no tempests can pale,
 They are beacons of light in adversity's gale.
 Oh, the manlike is godlike—no ill shall betide
 While truth's thy companion, and honour thy guide.

OUR SHIP.*

A SONG, a song, brave hearts, a song,
 To the ship in which we ride,
 Which bears us along right gallantly,
 Defying the mutinous tide.
 Away, away, by night and day,
 Propelled by steam and wind,
 The watery waste before her lies,
 And a flaming wake behind.
 Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
 That carries us o'er the sea,
 Through storm and foam, to a western home,
 The home of the brave and free.

* Composed on board the steamship Niagara, on her voyage to New York, in August 1849.

With a fearless bound to the depths profound,
 She rushes with proud disdain,
 While pale lips tell the fears that swell,
 Lest she never should rise again.
 With a courser's pride she paws the tide,
 Unbridled by bit I trow,
 While the churlish sea she dashes with glee
 In a cataract from her prow.
 Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She bears not on board a lawless horde,
 Piratic in thought or deed,
 Yet the sword they would draw in defence of law,
 In the nation's hour of need.
 Professors and poets, and merchant men
 Whose voyagings never cease ;
 From shore to shore, the wide world o'er,
 Their bonds are the bonds of peace.
 Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She boasts the brave, the dutiful,
 The aged and the young,
 And woman bright and beautiful,
 And childhood's prattling tongue.
 With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
 And we fear not the storm or squall ;
 For faithful officers rule the helm,
 And heaven protects us all.
 Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
 That carries us o'er the sea,
 Through storm and foam, to a western home,
 The home of the brave and free.

AULD PETER MACGOWAN.

AIR—*'The Brisk Young Lad.'*

AULD Peter MacGowan cam down the craft,
 An' rubbit his han's an' fidget an' laugh't;
 O little thought he o' his wrinkled chaft,
 When he wanted me to lo'e;
 He patted my brow an' smooth'd my chin,
 He praised my e'en an' sleek white skin,
 Syne fain wad kiss; but the laugh within
 Came rattlin' out, I trew.
 O sirs, but he was a canty carle,
 Wi' rings o' gowd, an' a brooch o' pearl,
 An' aye he spoke o' his frien' the Earl,
 And thought he would conquer lo'e.

He boasted o' gear an' acres wide,
 O' his bawsand youd that I should ride
 When I was made his bonny wee bride,
 Returning lo'e for lo'e;
 That I a lady to kirk should gang,
 Ha'e writ my virtues in a sang;
 But I snapp'd my thumb, and said, "gae hang,
 Gin that's the best ye can do."
 O sirs, but he was a silly auld man,
 Nae mair he spak' o' his gear an' lan';
 An' through the town like lightning ran,
 The tale o' auld Peter's lo'e.

An' sae the auld carle spiel'd up the craft,
 And raved and stamp'd like ane gane daft,
 Till tears trickled owre his burning chaft,
 Sin' he couldna win my lo'e.
 "Far better be single," the folk a' said,
 "Than a warming pan in an auld man's bed ;"
 He will be cunning wha gars me wed,
 Wi' ane that I never can lo'e ;
 Na, na ! he maun be a fine young lad,
 A canty lad, an' a dainty lad ;
 Oh, he maun be a spirited lad,
 Wha thinks to win my lo'e.

THE FLOWER OF KEIR.

O WHAT care I where love was born ;
 I know where oft he lingers,
 Till night's black curtain 's drawn aside,
 By morning's rosy fingers.
 If you would know, come, follow me,
 O'er mountain, moss, and river,
 To where the Nith and Scar agree
 To flow as one for ever.

Pass Kirk-o'-Keir and Clover lea,
 Through loanings red with roses ;
 But pause beside the spreading tree,
 That Fanny's bower encloses.
 There, knitting in her shady grove,
 Sits Fanny singing gaily ;
 Unwitting of the chains of love,
 She's forging for us daily.

Like light that brings the blossom forth,
 And sets the corn a-growing,
 Melts icy mountains in the north,
 And sets the streams a-flowing ;
 So Fanny's eyes, so bright and wise,
 Shed loving rays to cheer us,
 Her absence gives us wintry skies,
 'Tis summer when she 's near us !

O, saw ye ever such a face,
 To waken love and wonder ;
 A brow with such an arch of grace,
 And blue eyes shining under !
 Her snaring smiles, sweet nature's wiles,
 Are equall'd not by many ;
 Her look it charms, her love it warms,
 The flower of Keir is Fanny.

CONSTANCY.

OH ! I have traversed lands afar,
 O'er mountains high, and prairies green ;
 Still above me like a star,
 Serene and bright thy love has been ;
 Still above me like a star,
 To gladden, guide, and keep me free
 From every ill. Oh, life were chill,
 Apart, my love, apart from thee.

Other eyes might beam as bright,
 And other cheeks as rosy be ;
 Other arms as pure and white,
 And other lips as sweet to pree ;

But ruddy lips, or beaming eyes,
 However fond and fair to see,
 I could not, would not love or prize
 Apart, my love, apart from thee.

Other friendships I have known,
 Friendships dear, and pure, and kind;
 Liking soon to friendship grown,
 Love is friendship's ore refined.
 Oh, what is life, with love denied?
 A scentless flower, a leafless tree;
 My song with love,—my love with pride,
 Are full,—my love, are full of thee.

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE.

My bonnie wee wife, I'm waefu' to leave thee,
 To leave thee sae lanely, and far frae me;
 Come night and come morning, I'll soon be returning;
 Then, oh, my dear wife, how happy we'll be!
 Oh, cauld is the night, and the way dreigh and dreary,
 The snaw's drifting blindly o'er moorland an' lea;
 All nature looks eerie. How can she be cheery,
 Since weel she maun ken I am parted frae thee?

Oh, wae is the lammie, that's lost its dear mammy,
 An' waefu' the bird that sits chirping alane;
 The plaints they are making, their wee bit hearts
 breaking,
 Are throbbings o' pleasure compared wi' my pain.

The sun to the simmer, the bark to the timmer,
 The sense to the soul, an' the light to the e'e,
 The bud to the blossom, sae thou 'rt to my bosom;
 Oh, wae 's my heart, wifie, when parted frae thee.

There 's nae guid availing in weeping or wailing,
 Should friendship be failing wi' fortune's decay;
 Love in our hearts glowing, its riches bestowing,
 Bequeaths us a treasure life takes not away.
 Let nae anxious feeling creep o'er thy heart, stealing
 The bloom frae thy cheek when thou 'rt thinking of
 me;
 Come night and come morning, I 'll then be returning;
 Nae mair, cozie wifie, we parted shall be.

THE BONNIE BIRD.

OH, where snared ye that bonnie, bonnie bird?
 Oh, where wiled ye that winsome fairy?
 I fear me it was where nae truth was heard,
 And far frae the shrine o' guid St Mary.

I didna snare the bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Nor try ony wiles wi' the winsome fairy,
 But won her young heart where the angels heard,
 In the bowery glen of Inverary.

And what want ye wi' sic a bonnie bird?
 I fear me its plumes ye will ruffle sairly;
 Or bring it low down to the lane kirkyard,
 Where blossoms o' grace are planted early.

As life I love my bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Its plumage shall never be ruffled sairly;
 To the day o' doom I will keep my word,
 An' cherish my bonnie bird late an' early.

Oh, whence rings out that merry, merry peal?
 The laugh and the sang are cherish'd rarely;
 It is—it is the bonny, bonny bird,
 Wi' twa sma' voices a' piping early.

For he didna snare that bonny, bonny bird,
 Nor did he beguile the winsome fairy,
 He had made her his ain, where the angels heard,
 At the holy shrine o' the blest St Mary.

COME WHEN THE DAWN.

COME when the dawn of the morning is breaking,
 Gold on the mountain-tops, mist on the plain,
 Come when the clamorous birds are awaking
 Man unto duty and pleasure again;
 Bright let your spirits be,
 Breathing sweet liberty,
 Drinking the rapture that gladdens the brain.

High o'er the swelling hills shepherds are climbing,
 Down in the meadows the mowers are seen,
 Haymakers singing, and village bells chiming;
 Lasses and lads lightly trip o'er the green,
 Flying, pursuing,
 Toying, and wooing—
 Nature is now as she ever has been.

Then when the toils of the day are all over,
 Gathered, delighted, set round in a ring—
 Youth, with its mirthfulness—age, with its cheerful-
 ness,
 Brimful of happiness, cheerily sing,
 “Bright may our spirits be—
 Happy and ever free.
 Blest are the joys that from innocence spring.”

GOOD MORROW.*

GOOD MORROW, good morrow! warm, rosy, and bright,
 Glow the clouds in the east, laughing heralds of light;
 Whilst still as the glorious colours decay,
 Full gushes of music seem tracking their way.

Hark! hark!

Is it the sheep-bell among the ling,
 Or the early milkmaid carolling?

Hark! hark!

Or is it the lark,
 As he bids the sun good-morrow?—

Good-morrow;

Though every day brings sorrow.

The daylight is dying, the night drawing near,
 The workers are silent; yet ringing and clear,
 From the leafiest tree in the shady bowers,
 Comes melody falling in silvery showers.

Hark! hark!

* One of the stanzas of this song is the composition of the late Mary Russell Mitford and appears in her tale of Atherton. The other stanza was composed by Mr Bennoch, at the urgent request of his much loved friend.

Is it the musical chime on the hill,
 That sweetly ringeth when all is still?
 Hark! hark!
 Oh, sweeter than lark,
 Is the nightingale's song of sorrow,
 Of sorrow;
 But pleasure will come to-morrow.

OH, WAE'S MY LIFE.

OH, wae's my life, and sad my heart,
 The saut tears fill my e'e, Willie,
 Nae hope can bloom this side the tomb,
 Since ye hae gane frae me, Willie.
 O' warl's gear I couldna' boast,
 But now I'm poor indeed, Willie;
 The last fond hope I leant upon,
 Has fail'd me in my need, Willie.

For wealth or fame ye've left your Jean,
 Forgat your plighted vow, Willie;
 Can honours proud dispel the cloud,
 That darkens on your brow, Willie?
 Oh, was I then a thing sae mean,
 For nought but beauty prized, Willie;
 Caress'd a'e day, then flung away,
 A fading flower despised, Willie?

Sin' love has fled, and hope is dead,
 Soon my poor heart maun break, Willie;
 As your ain life, oh, guard your wife—
 I'll love her for your sake, Willie.

Through my despair, oh, mony a prayer,
 Will rise for her and ye, Willie;
 That ye may prove to her, in love,
 Mair faithfu' than to me, Willie.

HEY, MY BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

HEY, my bonnie wee lassie,
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
 Will ye wed a canty carle,
 Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

I ha'e sheep, an' I ha'e kye,
 I ha'e wheat, an' I ha'e rye,
 An' heaps o' siller, lass, forbye,
 That ye shall spen' wi' me, lassie!
 Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
 Will ye wed a canty carle,
 Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

Ye shall dress in damask fine,
 My goud and gear shall a' be thine,
 And I to ye be ever kin'.

Say,—will ye marry me, lassie?
 Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
 Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
 Will ye wed a canty carle,
 Bonnie, smiling wee lassie?

Gac hame, auld man, an' darn your hose,
 Fill up your lanky sides wi' brose,
 An' at the ingle warm your nose;
 But come na courtin' me, carle.

Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
 Silly, clavering auld carle,
 The hawk an' doo shall pair, I trew,
 Before I pair wi' ye, carle!

Your heart is cauld an' hard as stanes,
 Ye ha'e nae marrow in your banes,
 An' siller canna buy the brains
 That pleasure gie to me, carle!
 Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
 Silly, clavering auld carle,
 The hound an' hare may seek ae lair,
 But I'll no sleep wi' ye, carle.

I winna share your gowd wi' ye,
 Your withering heart, an' watery e'e ;
 In death I'd sooner shrouded be
 Than wedded to ye, auld carle!
 Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
 Silly, clavering auld carle,
 When roses blaw on leafs o' snaw,
 I'll bloom upon your breast, carle.

But there's a lad, an' I'm his ain,
 May heaven blessings on him rain!
 Though plackless, he is unco fain,
 And he's the man for me, carle!
 Oh, youth an' age can ne'er agree ;
 Though rich, you're no the man for me.
 Gae hame, auld carle, prepare to dee ;
 Pray heaven to be your bride, carle.

BESSIE.

OH, mony a year has come and gane,
An' mony a weary day,
Sin' frae my hame, my mountain hame,
I first was lured away,
To wander over unco lands,
Far, far ayont the sea ;
But no to find a land like this,
The hame o' Bess an' me !

I've traversed mony a dreary land,
Across the braid, braid sea ;
But, oh, my native mountain hame,
My thochts were aye wi' thee.
As certain as the sun wad rise,
And set ahint the sea,
Sae constant, Bessie, were my prayers,
At morn an' nicht for thee ;

When I return'd unto my hame,
The hills were clad wi' snow ;
Though they look'd cold and cheerless, love,
My heart was in a glow.
Though keen the wintry north wind blew,
Like summer 'twas to me ;
For, Bess, my frame was warm wi' love,
Of country, kindred, thee !

Nae flower e'er hail'd wi' sweeter smiles
Returning sunny beams,
Than I then hailed my native hame,
Its mountains, woods, and streams.

Now we are met, my bonnie Bess,
 We never mair will part ;
 Although to a' we seem as twa,
 We only hae ae heart !

We 'll be sae loving a' the nicht,
 Sae happy a' the day,
 That though our bodies time may change,
 Our love shall ne'er decay :
 As gently as yon lovely stream
 Declining years shall run,
 An' life shall pass frae our auld clay,
 As snow melts 'neath the sun.

COURTSHIP.

YESTREEN on Cample's bonnie flood
 The summer moon was shining ;
 While on a bank in Chrichope wood
 Two lovers were reclining :
 They spak' o' youth, an' hoary age,
 O' time how swiftly fleeting,
 Of ilka thing, in sooth, but ane,—
 The reason of their meeting !

When Willie thought his heart was firm,
 An' might declare its feeling,
 A glance frae Bessy's starry een
 Sent a' his senses reeling ;
 For aye when he essay'd to speak,
 An' she prepared to hear him,
 The thought in crimson dyed his cheek,
 But words would no come near him !

'Tis ever thus that love is taught
 By his divinest teacher ;
 He silent adoration seeks,
 But shuns the prosy preacher.
 Now read me right, ye gentle anes,
 Nor deem my lesson hollow ;
 The deepest river silent rins,
 The babbling brook is shallow.

TOGETHER.

TOGETHER, dearest, we have play'd,
 As girl and boy together ;
 Through storm and calm, in sun and shade,
 In spring and wintry weather.
 Oh ! every pang that stinging came
 But made our love the dearer ;
 If danger lower'd—'twas all the same,
 We only clung the nearer.

In riper years, when all the world
 Lay bathed in light before us,
 And life in rainbow hues unfurl'd
 Its glowing banner o'er us,
 Amid the beauty storms would rise
 And flowers collapsing wither,
 While open friends turned hidden foes—
 Yet were we blest together.

But now the battle's fought and won,
 And care with life is flying,
 While, setting slowly like the sun,
 Ambition's fires are dying.

We gather hope with fading strength,
And go, we know not whither,
Contented if in death at last
We sleep in peace together.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

WITH lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men ;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save :
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew ;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back
And gave them strength again.

'Twas grief to miss the passing face
 That suffering could dispel ;
 But joy to turn and kiss the place
 On which her shadow fell.*

When words of wrath profaning rung,
 She moved with pitying grace ;
 Her presence still'd the wildest tongue,
 And holy† made the place.
 They knew that they were cared for then,
 Their eyes forgot their tears ;
 In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
 And thought of early years—
 Of early years, when all was fair,
 Of faces sweet and pale.
 They woke : the angel bending there
 Was—Florence Nightingale !

* She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all ; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content.—*Soldier's Letter from the Crimea.*

† “ Before she came there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church.”—*Ibid.*

JOSEPH MACGREGOR.

THE writer of several good songs, which have been published with music, Joseph Macgregor, followed the profession of an accountant in Edinburgh. Expert as a man of business, he negotiated the arrangement of the city affairs at the period of the municipal bankruptcy. A zealous member of the Liberal party, he took a prominent interest in the Reform Bill movement, and afterwards afforded valuable assistance in the election of Francis Jeffrey as one of the representatives of the city in Parliament. He latterly occupied Ramsay Lodge, the residence of the poet Allan Ramsay, where he died about the year 1845, at a somewhat advanced age. The following songs from his pen are published by the kind permission of Messrs Robertson & Co., music-sellers, Edinburgh.

LADDIE, OH! LEAVE ME.

DOWN whar the burnie rins whimplin' and cheery,
When love's star was smilin', I met wi' my dearie;
Ah! vain was its smilin'—she wadna believe me,
But said wi' a saucy air, "Laddie, oh! leave me;
Leave me, leave me, laddie, oh! leave me."

“ I’ve lo’ed thee o’er truly to seek a new dearie,
I’ve lo’ed thee o’er fondly, through life e’er to weary,
I’ve lo’ed thee o’er lang, love, at last to deceive thee;
Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee;”
Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

“ There’s nae ither saft e’e that fills me wi’ pleasure,
There’s nae ither rose-lip has half o’ its treasure,
There’s nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
Till death break this fond heart—oh! then I maun leave
thee;” Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

The tears o’er her cheeks ran like dew frae red roses;
What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses!
I kiss’d them, and blest her—at last to relieve me
She yielded her hand, and sigh’d, “ Oh! never leave
me;” Leave me, leave me, &c.

HOW BLYTHELY THE PIPE.

AIR—“ *Kinloch of Kinloch.*”

How blythely the pipe through Glenlyon was sounding,
At morn when the clans to the merry dance hied;
And gay were the love-knots, o’er hearts fondly bound-
ing,
When Ronald woo’d Flora, and made her his bride.
But war’s banner streaming soon changed their fond
dreaming—
The battle-cry echoed, around and above
Broad claymores were glancing, and war-steeds were
prancing;
Up, Ronald! to arms for home and your love.

All was hush'd o'er the hill, where love linger'd de-
spairing,

With her bride-maids still deck'd in their gay festal
gear!

And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing,
Which might laurel Love's brow, or be strew'd o'er
his bier!

But cheer thee, fond maiden—each wild breeze is laden
With victory's slogan, through mountain and grove;
Where death streams were gushing, and war-steeds
were rushing,

Lord Ronald has conquer'd for home and for love!

WILLIAM DUNBAR, D.D.

A NATIVE of Dumfries, William Dunbar, received his elementary education in that town. Having studied at the University of Edinburgh, he was in 1805 licensed as a probationer of the Established Church. During the vacations of his theological curriculum, and the earlier portion of his probationary career, he resided chiefly in the Hebrides. At this period he composed the popular song, entitled, "The Maid of Islay," the heroine being a Miss Campbell of the island of Islay. In several collections the song has been erroneously ascribed to Joseph Train. Mr Dunbar was, in May 1807, ordained to the parish of Applegarth, Dumfriesshire. Long reputed as one of the most successful cultivators of the honey-bee, Dr Dunbar was, in 1840, invited to prepare a treatise on the subject for the entomological series of the "Naturalist's Library." His observations were published, without his name, in a volume of the series, with the title, "The Natural History of Bees, comprehending the uses and economical management of the British and Foreign Honey-Bee; together with the known wild species. Illustrated by thirty-six plates, coloured from nature, with portrait and memoir of Huber." The publication has been pronounced useful to the practical apiarian and a valuable contribution to the natural history of the honey-bee.

In the fiftieth year of his pastorate, Dr Dunbar enjoys the veneration of a flock, of whom the majority have been reared under his ministerial superintendence.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

RISING o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chant my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
Beam'd with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return!
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

WILLIAM JERDAN.

THE well known editor of the *Literary Gazette*, William Jerdan, was born at Kelso, Roxburghshire, on the 16th April 1782. The third son and seventh child of John Jerdan, a small land proprietor and baron-bailie under the Duke of Roxburghe, his paternal progenitors owned extensive possessions in the south-east of Scotland. His mother, Agnes Stuart, a woman of superior intelligence, claimed descent from the Royal House of Stuart. Educated at the parochial school of his native town, young Jerdan entered a lawyer's office, with a view to the legal profession. Towards literary pursuits his attention was directed through the kindly intercourse of the Rev. Dr Rutherford, author of the "View of Ancient History," who then assisted the minister of Kelso, and subsequently became incumbent of Muirkirk. In 1801 he proceeded to London, where he was employed as clerk in a mercantile establishment. Returning to Scotland, he entered the office of a Writer to the Signet; but in 1804 he resumed his connexion with the metropolis. Suffering from impaired health, he was taken under the care of a maternal uncle, surgeon of the *Gladiator* guard-ship. On the recommendation of this relative, he served as a seaman for a few months preceding February 1806. A third time seeking the literary world of London, he became reporter to the *Aurora*, a morning paper, of temporary duration. In January 1807, he joined the *Pilot*, an evening paper. Subsequently, he was one of the conductors of the *Morning*

Post, and a reporter for the *British Press*. Purchasing the copyright of the *Satirist*, he for a short time edited that journal. In May 1813, he became conductor of *The Sun*, an appointment which he retained during a period of four years, but was led to relinquish from an untoward dispute with the publisher. He now entered on the editorship of the *Literary Gazette*, which he conducted till 1850, and with which his name will continue to be associated.

During a period of nearly half a century, Mr Jerdan has occupied a prominent position in connexion with literature and politics. He was the first person who seized Bellingham, the murderer of Percival, in the lobby of the House of Commons. With Mr Canning he was on terms of intimacy. In 1821 he aided in establishing the Royal Society of Literature. He was one of the founders of the Melodist's Club, for the promotion of harmony, and of the Garrick Club, for the patronage of the drama. In the affairs of the Royal Literary Fund he has manifested a deep interest. In 1830 he originated, in concert with other literary individuals, the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, of which he became joint-editor. About the same period, he wrote the biographical portion of Fisher's "National Portrait Gallery." In 1852-3 appeared his "Autobiography," in four volumes; a work containing many curious details respecting persons of eminence. In 1852 Mr Jerdan's services to literature were acknowledged by a pension of £100 on the Civil List, and about the same time he received a handsome pecuniary testimonial from his literary friends.

THE WEE BIRD'S SONG.*

I HEARD a wee bird singing,
In my chamber as I lay ;
The casement open swinging,
As morning woke the day.
And the boughs around were twining,
The bright sun through them shining,
And I had long been pining,
For my Willie far away—
When I heard the wee bird singing.

He heard the wee bird singing,
For its notes were wondrous clear ;
As if wedding bells were ringing,
Melodious to the ear.
And still it rang that wee bird's song ;
Just like the bells—dong-ding, ding-dong ;
While my heart beat so quick and strong—
It felt that he was near !
And he heard the wee bird singing.

We heard the wee bird singing,
After brief time had flown ;
The true bells had been ringing,
And Willie was my own.
And oft I tell him, jesting, playing,
I knew what the wee bird was saying,
That morn, when he, no longer straying,
Flew back to me alone.
And we love the wee bird singing.

* Here first published.

WHAT MAKES THIS HOUR?

WHAT makes this hour a day to me?
What makes this day a year?
My own love promised we should meet—
But my own love is not here!
Ah! did she feel half what I feel,
Her tryst she ne'er would break;
She ne'er would lift this heart to hope,
Then leave this heart to ache;
And make the hour a day to me,
And make the day a year;
The hour she promised we should meet—
But my own love is not here.

Alas! can she inconstant prove?
Does sickness force her stay?
Or is it fate, or failing love,
That keeps my love away,
To make the hour a day to me,
And make the day a year?
The hour and day we should have met—
But my own love is not here

ALEXANDER BALD.

ALEXANDER BALD was born at Alloa, on the 9th June 1783. His father, who bore the same Christian name, was a native of Culross, where he was originally employed in superintending the coal works in that vicinity, under the late Earl of Dundonald. He subsequently became agent for the collieries of John Francis Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar. A book of arithmetical tables and calculations from his pen, entitled, "The Corn-dealer's Assistant," was long recognised as an almost indispensable guide for tenant farmers.

The subject of this notice was early devoted to literary pursuits. Along with his friend, Mr John Grieve, the future patron of the Ettrick Shepherd, he made a visit to the forest bard, attracted by the merit of his compositions, long prior to his public recognition as a poet. He established a literary association in his native town, entitled, "The Shakspeare Club ;" which, at its annual celebrations, was graced by the presence of men of genius and learning. To the *Scots' Magazine* he became a poetical contributor early in the century. A man of elegant tastes and Christian worth, Mr Bald was a cherished associate of the more distinguished literary Scotsmen of the past generation. During the period of half a century, he has conducted business in his native town as a timber merchant and brick manufacturer. His brother, Mr Robert Bald, is the distinguished mining engineer.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.*

TUNE—' *Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.*'

THE lily of the vale is sweet,
 And sweeter still the op'ning rose,
 But sweeter far my Mary is
 Than any blooming flower that blows.
 Whilst spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,
 I'll wander oft by Mary's side ;
 And whisper saft the tender tale,
 By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There will we walk at early dawn,
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine ;
 At eve oft, too, the lawn we'll tread,
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.
 The fairest, choicest flowers I'll crop,
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair ;
 And while I live, I vow and swear,
 She'll be my chief—my only care.

HOW SWEET ARE THE BLUSHES OF MORN.

How sweet are the blushes of morn,
 And sweet is the gay blossom'd grove ;
 The linnet chants sweet from the thorn,
 But sweeter's the smile of my love.

* This song was originally published in the *Scots' Magazine* for October 1806. In the "Book of Scottish Song," it has been attributed to Allan Ramsay.

Awhile, my dear Mary, farewell,
 Since fate has decreed we should part ;
Thine image shall still with me dwell,
 Though absent, you'll reign in my heart.

But by winding Devon's green bowers,
 At eve's dewy hour as I rove,
I'll grieve for the pride of her flowers,
 And the pride of her maidens, my love.

The music shall cease in the grove,
 Thine absence the linnet shall mourn ;
But the lark, in strains bearing love,
 Soft warbling, shall greet thy return.

GEORGE WILSON.

GEORGE WILSON was born on the 20th June 1784, in the parish of Libberton, and county of Lanark. Deprived of both his parents early in life, he was brought to the house of his paternal uncle, who rented a sheep-farm in the vicinity of Peebles. At the burgh school of that place he received an ordinary education, and in his thirteenth year hired himself as a cow-herd. Passing through the various stages of rural employment at Tweedside, he resolved to adopt a trade, and in his eighteenth year became apprenticed to his maternal uncle, a cabinet-maker in Edinburgh. On fulfilling his indenture, he accepted employment as a journeyman cabinetmaker; he subsequently conducted business on his own account. In 1831 he removed from Edinburgh to the village of Corstorphine, in the vicinity; where he continues to reside. He published "The Laverock," a volume of poems and songs, in 1829. The following lyrics from his pen evince no inconsiderable vigour, and seem worthy of preservation.

MILD AS THE MORNING.

AIR—' *Bonnie Dundee.*'

MILD as the morning, a rose-bud of beauty,
Young Mary, all lovely, had come from afar,
With tear-streaming eyes, and a grief-burden'd bosom,
To view with sad horror the carnage of war.

She sought her brave brother with sighing and sorrow ;
 Her loud lamentations she pour'd out in vain ;
 The hero had fallen, with kinsmen surrounded,
 And deep he lay buried 'mong heaps of the slain.

“ Oh ! Donald, my brother, in death art thou sleeping ?
 Or groan'st thou in chains of some barbarous foe ?
 Are none of thy kindred in life now remaining,
 To tell a sad tale of destruction and woe ? ”
 A hero who struggled in death's cold embraces,
 Whose bosom, deep gash'd, was all clotted with gore—
 “ Alas ! Lady Mary, the mighty M'Donald,
 Will lead his brave heroes to battle no more.”

She turn'd, and she gazed all around, much confounded ;
 The tidings of sorrow sunk deep in her heart ;
 She saw her brave kinsman laid low, deadly wounded,
 He wanted that succour, she could not impart—
 “ Oh ! Murdoch, my kinsman,” with hands raised to
 heaven,
 “ Thy strength, bloom, and beauty, alas ! all are o'er ;
 And oh, my brave brother, my brave gallant brother,
 Lies sleeping beside thee, to waken no more.”

THE BEACONS BLAZED.

AIR—*Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar.*

THE beacons blazed, the banners flew,
 The war-pipes loud their pibrochs blew,
 The trusty clans their claymores drew,
 To shield their Royal Charlie.

Come a' ye chiefs, bring a' your clans,
Frae a' your mountains, muirs, and glens,
Bring a' your spears, swords, dirks, and guns,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

They, like their fathers, bold and brave,
Came at a call, wi' dirk and glaive ;
Of danger fearless, sworn to save
Or fa' for Royal Charlie.

Famed Scotia's chiefs, intrepid still,
Led forth their tribes frae strath and hill,
And boldly dared, wi' right guid will,
To shield their Royal Charlie.

The forests and the rocks replied
To shouts which rung both far and wide :
Our prince is come, his people's pride—
Oh, welcome hame, Prince Charlie !

Thee, Scotia's rightful prince we own ;
We'll die, or seat thee on the throne,
Where many a Scottish king has shone ;
The sires o' Royal Charlie.

No faithful Scot now makes a pause ;
Plain truth and justice plead thy cause ;
Each fearlessly his weapon draws,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

Now, lead us on against thy foes ;
Thy rightful claim all Europe knows ;
We'll scatter death with all our blows,
To shield and save Prince Charlie.

Now, chiefs and clans, your faith display,
 By deathless deeds in battle day,
 To stretch them pale on beds of clay,
 The foes of Royal Charlie.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

WARLIKE chieftains now assembled,
 Fame your daring deeds shall tell,
 Fiercest foes have fear'd and trembled,
 When you raised your warlike yell.
 Bards shall sing when battle rages,
 Scotia's sons shall victors be ;
 Bards shall sing in after ages,
 Caledonians aye were free.

Blest be every bold avenger,
 Cheer'd the heart that fears no wound ;
 Dreadful in the day of danger
 Be each chieftain ever found.

Let the hills our swords have shielded,
 Ring to every hero's praise ;
 And the tribes who never yielded,
 Their immortal trophies raise.

Heroes brave, be ever ready,
 At your king and country's call ;
 When your dauntless chiefs shall lead you,
 Let the foe that dares you fall.

Let the harp to strains resounding,
Ring to cheer the dauntless brave ;
Let the brave like roes come bounding
On to glory or a grave.

Let your laurels never-fading,
Gleam like your unconquer'd glaive ;
Where your thistle springs triumphant,
There let freedom's banner wave.

JOHN YOUNGER.

JOHN YOUNGER, the shoemaker of St Boswells, and author of the Prize Essay on the Sabbath, has some claim to enrolment among the minstrels of his country. He was born on the 5th July 1785, at Longnewton village, in the parish of Ancrum, and county of Roxburgh. So early as his ninth year, he began to work at his father's trade of a shoemaker. In 1810 he married, and commenced shoemaking in the village of St Boswells, where he has continued to reside. Expert in his original profession, he has long been reputed for his skill in dressing hooks for Tweed angling; the latter qualification producing some addition to his emoluments. He holds the office of village postmaster.

A man of superior intellect and varied information, John Younger enjoys the respect of a wide circle of friends. His cottage is the resort of anglers of every rank; and among his correspondents he enumerates the most noted characters of the age. Letter writing is his favourite mode of recreation, and he has preserved copies of his letters in several interesting volumes. He has published a poetical *brochure* with the title, "Thoughts as they Rise;" also a "Treatise on River Angling." His Prize Essay on the Sabbath, entitled, "The Light of the Week," was published in 1849, and has commanded a wide circulation. Of his lyrical effusions we have selected the following from his MS. collection.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS GETS ITS AIN
DRAP O' DEW.

OH, dinna be sae sair cast down,
My ain sweet bairnies dear,
Whatever storms in life may blaw,
Take nae sic heart o' fear.
Though life's been aye a checker'd scene
Since Eve's first apple grew,
Nae blade o' grass has been forgot
O' its ain drap o' dew.

The bonnie flowers o' Paradise,
And a' that 's bloom'd sinsyne,
By bank an' brae an' lover's bower,
Adown the course o' time,
Or 'neath the gardener's fostering hand,—
Their annual bloom renew,
Ilk blade o' grass has had as weel
Its ain sweet drap o' dew.

The oaks and cedars of the earth
May toss their arms in air,
Or bend beneath the sweeping blast
That strips the forest bare;
The flower enfolds while storms o'erpass,
Till sunshine spreads anew,
And sips, as does ilk blade o' grass,
Its lucent drap o' dew.

The great may loll in world's wealth
And a' the pomp o' state,
While labour, bent wi' eident cares,
Maun toil baith ear and late.

The poor may gae to bed distrest,
 With nae relief in view,
 And rising, like ilk blade o' grass,
 Shine wi' the pearl o' dew.

Oh, what a gentle hand is His
 That cleeds the lilies fair,
 And o' the meanest thing in life
 Takes mair than mother's care!
 Can ye no put your trust in Him,
 With heart resign'd and true,
 Wha ne'er forgets to gie the grass,
 Ilk blade its drap o' dew.

THE MONTH OF JUNE.

O JUNE, ye spring the loveliest flowers
 That a' our seasons yield;
 Ye deck sae flush the greenwood bowers,
 The garden, and the field;
 The pathway verge by hedge and tree,
 So fresh, so green, and gay,
 Where every lovely blue flower's e'e
 Is opening to the day.

The river banks and craggy peaks
 In wilding blossoms drest,
 With ivy o'er their jutting nooks
 Ye screen the ouzel's nest;

From precipice, abrupt and bold,
Your tendrils flaunt in air,
With craw-flowers dangling living gold
Ye tuft the steep brown scaur.

Your foliage shades the wild bird's nest
From every prying e'e,
With fairy fingers ye invest
In woven flowers the lea ;
Around the lover's blissful hour
Ye draw your leafy screen,
And shade those in your rosy bower,
Who love to muse unseen.

JOHN BURTT.

JOHN BURTT was born about the year 1790, at Knockmarloch, in the parish of Riccarton, and county of Ayr. With a limited school education, he was apprenticed to a weaver in Kilmarnock; but at the loom he much improved himself in general scholarship, especially in classical learning. In his sixteenth year he was decoyed into a ship of war at Greenock, and compelled to serve on board. Effecting his escape, after an arduous servitude of five years, he resumed the loom at Kilmarnock. He subsequently taught an adventure school, first in Kilmarnock, and afterwards at Paisley. The irksome labours of sea-faring life he had sought to relieve by the composition of verses; and these in 1816 he published, under the title of "Horæ Poeticæ; or, the Recreations of a Leisure Hour." In 1817 he emigrated to the United States, where his career has been prosperous. Having studied theology at Princeton College, New Jersey, he became a licentiate of the Presbyterian Church, and was appointed to a ministerial charge at Salem. In 1831 he removed to Philadelphia, where he edited a periodical entitled the *Presbyterian*. Admitted in 1833 to a Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, he there edited the *Standard*, a religious newspaper. In August 1835, he was promoted to a chair in the Theological Seminary of that place.

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFFS.*

AIR—' *Banks of the Devon.*'

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the gray mountain straying,
 ing,

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave ;
 What goes wring my heart while intently surveying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave ?
 Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore ;
 Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom—my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we 'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave ;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
 No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast—
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
 Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

O! LASSIE, I LO'E DEAREST!

O! LASSIE, I lo'e dearest!
 Mair fair to me than fairest,
 Mair rare to me than rarest,
 How sweet to think o' thee.

* This song has been erroneously assigned to Burns.

When blythe the blue e'ed dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honey'd dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss'd for sake o' thee.
An' when by stream or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow,
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
Oh, think when cares distress thee,
Oh, think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON.

CHARLES JAMES FINLAYSON was born on the 27th August 1790, in the parish of Larbert, and county of Stirling. Owing to the death of his father during his childhood, and the poverty of the family, he was never at school. While a cow-herd to a farmer, he taught himself letters in the fields. With a fine ear for music and an excellent voice, he took delight in singing such scraps of old ballads as he had learned from the cottage matrons. The small gratuities which he procured for holding the horses of the farmers at the annual Falkirk *trysts*, put him in possession of all the printed ballad literature which that town could supply. In his eleventh year he entered, in a humble capacity, the Carron Iron Works; where he had some opportunity of improving himself in scholarship, and gratifying his taste for books. He travelled from Carron to Glasgow, a distance of twenty-three miles, to procure a copy of Ossian. Improving his musical predilections, he was found qualified, while still a young man, to officiate as precentor, or leader of the psalmody, in the church of his native parish. Resigning this appointment, and his situation in the Carron Works, he for some time taught church music in the neighbouring towns. On an invitation from the Kirk-session and congregation, he became precentor in the Old Kirk, Edinburgh; and in this office gained the active friendship of the respected clergyman, Dr Macknight.

Having attained a scientific acquaintance with the theory and practice of his art, Mr Finlayson resigned his appointment in the capital, and proceeded to the provinces as an instructor in vocal music. He visited the principal towns in the east and southern districts of Scotland, and was generally successful. During his professional visit to Dumfries in 1820, he became one of the founders of the Burns' Club in that town. After a short absence in Canada, he settled in Kircudbright as a wine and spirit merchant. In 1832 he was appointed to the office of postmaster. Having retired from business a few years since, he enjoys the fruits of a well-earned competency. He has contributed songs to Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and other collections. His song beginning "Oh, my love's bonnie!" has been translated into German, and published with music at Leipsic.

THE BARD STRIKES HIS HARP.

THE bard strikes his harp, the wild woods among,
And echo repeats to the breezes his strain;
Enraptured, the small birds around his seat throng,
And the lambkins, delighted, stand mute on the
plain.

He sings of the pleasures his young bosom knew,
When beauty inspired him, and love was the theme;
While his harp, ever faithful, awakes them anew,
And a tear dims his eye as he breathes the loved
name.

The hearths that bade welcome, the tongues that gave
praise,

Are now cold to his sorrows, and mute to his wail!

E'en the oak, his sole shelter, rude winter decays,

And the wild flowers he sung are laid scentless and
pale.

Too oft thus in misery, the minstrel must pine;

Neglected by those whom his song wont to cheer,

They think not, alas! as they view his decline,

That his heart still can feel, and his eye shed a tear.

Yet sweet are the pleasures that spring from his woes,

And which souls that are songless can never enjoy;

They know not his joy, for each sweet strain that flows

Twines a wreath round his name time can never
destroy.

Sing on, then, sweet bard! though thus lonely ye stray,

Yet ages unborn, thy name shall revere;

While the names that neglect thee have melted away,

As the snowflakes which fall in the stream disappear.

PHŒBUS, WI' GOWDEN CREST.

PHŒBUS, wi' gowden crest, leaves ocean's heaving breast

An' frae the purple east smiles on the day;

Laverocks wi' blythesome strain, mount frae the dewy
plain,

Greenwood and rocky glen echo their lay;

Wild flowers, wi' op'ning blooms, woo ilka breeze that
comes,

Scattering their rich perfumes over the lea;

But summer's varied dye, lark's song, and breezes' sigh,

Only bring sorrow and sadness to me.

Blighted, like autumn's leaf, ilk joy is changed to
grief—

Day smiles around, but no pleasure can gie;
Night on his sable wings, sweet rest to nature brings—
Sleep to the weary, but waukin' to me.
Aften has warldly care wrung my sad bosom sair;
Hope's visions fled me, an' friendship's untrue;
But a' the ills o' fate never could thus create
Anguish like parting, dear Annie, frae you.

Farewell, those beaming eyes, stars in life's wintry skies—
Aft has adversity fled frae your ray;
Farewell, that angel smile, stranger to woman's wile,
That ever could beguile sorrow away;
Farewell, ilk happy scene, wild wood, an' valley green,
Where time, on rapture's wing, over us flew;
Farewell, that peace of heart, thou only could'st impart—
Farewell, dear Annie—a long, long adieu!

OH, MY LOVE'S BONNIE.

OH! my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;
Oh! my love's bonnie and dear to me;
The smile o' her face, and her e'e's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' this warld can gie.

Her voice is as sweet as the blackbird at gloamin',
When echo repeats her soft notes to the ear,
And lovely and fresh as the wild roses blooming,
That dip in the stream o' the Carron so clear.

But poortith 's a foe to the peace o' this bosom,
That glows sae devoutly, dear lassie, for thee;
Alas! that e'er poortith should blight love's young
blossom,
When riches nae lasting contentment can gie.

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
And guide a lone wanderer, when far frae thee;
For ne'er, till it sets, will I prove a false lover,
Or think o' anither, dear lassie, but thee.

WILLIAM DOBIE.

AN accomplished antiquary, and writer of verses, William Dobie was born in 1790, in the village of Beith, Ayrshire. Educated at the parish school, he was in his thirteenth year apprenticed to a mechanical profession. At the close of his apprenticeship, he commenced business in his native district. In 1822, the munificence of a wealthy relative enabled him to retire from his occupation, which had proved unsuitable to his tastes. For several years he resided in London. He subsequently made a tour through Britain, and visited the Continent. His "Perambulations in Kintyre," a manuscript volume, is frequently quoted by Mr Cosmo Innes, in his "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," a valuable work printed for the Bannatyne Club. In 1840 he prepared a history of the parish of Kilbirnie, for the "New Statistical Account." He afterwards published an account of the church and churchyard of Kilbirnie, in an interesting pamphlet. Recently Mr Dobie has superintended the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace, on Barnweil Hill, near Kilmarnock, which has been reared at the entire cost of William Patrick, Esq., of Roughwood. The greater number of the many spirited inscriptions on the monument are the composition of Mr Dobie.

THE DREARY REIGN OF WINTER'S PAST.

AIR—'Loch Errochside.'

THE dreary reign of Winter's past,
 The frost, the snow, the surly blast,
 To polar hills are scouring fast;
 For balmy Spring's returning.
 Adown Glen-Garnock's lonely vale,
 The torrent's voice has ceased to wail;
 But soft low notes, borne on the gale,
 Dispel dull gloom and mourning.

With toil and long fatigue depress'd,
 Exhausted nature sunk oppress'd,
 Till waken'd from her slumbering rest,
 By balmy Spring returning.
 Now in flower'd vesture, green and gay,
 Lovelier each succeeding day;
 Soon from her face shall pass away,
 Each trace of Winter's mourning.

Lo, at her mild benign command,
 Life rouses up on every hand;
 While bursts of joy o'er all the land,
 Hail balmy Spring returning.
 E'en murmuring stream and raving linn,
 And solemn wood in softened din,
 All join great Nature's praise to hymn,
 That fled is Winter's mourning.

While all on earth, and in the skies,
In transports fervently rejoice,
Shall man refuse to raise his voice,
 And welcome Spring returning?
If such ingrates exist below,
They ne'er can feel the sacred glow,
That Nature and the Muse bestow,
 To cheer the gloom of mourning.

ROBERT HENDRY, M.D.

A MAN of unobtrusive literary merit, and no inconsiderable poetical ability, Robert Hendry was born at Paisley on the 7th October 1791. Descended from a respectable family in Morayshire, his paternal great-grandfather fixed his residence in Glasgow. His grandfather, after serving as a lieutenant under the Duke of Cumberland in Holland, quitted the army, and settled as a silk manufacturer in Paisley. Under the name of "The Hollander," this gentleman had the distinction of being lampooned by Alexander Wilson, during the days of his hot youth, prior to his embarkation for America. Of his two sons, the elder removed to London, where he became senior Alderman, and died on the eve of his nomination as Lord Mayor.

The grandson of "The Hollander," by his second son, the subject of this memoir, was, in his twelfth year, apprenticed to his maternal uncle, a medical practitioner. On the completion of a course of philosophical and medical study at the University of Glasgow, he obtained his diploma, and settled as a surgeon in his native town. Amidst due attention to his professional duties, he became ardently devoted to literary pursuits. Besides conducting several local periodicals, he contributed to some of the more important serials. During the year 1826, which proved so disastrous to the manufacturing interests in Paisley, he devised a scheme for the relief of the unemployed, and his services were appropriately acknowledged by the magistrates. He after-

wards sought the general improvement of the burgh, and among many other fiscal and sanitary reforms, succeeded in introducing into the place a supply of excellent water. Declining the provostship offered him by the Town Council, he retired a few years since to the village of Helensburgh, where he continues to reside.

Dr Hendry was an intimate acquaintance of Tannahill; and afterwards ranked among his friends the poet Motherwell and Robert Archibald Smith. He has at various time contributed verses to the periodicals. Latterly his attention has been more especially directed to scientific pursuits.

OH, LET NA GANG YON BONNIE LASSIE.

OH, let na gang yon bonnie lassie
 Cam' to see you a' yestreen;
 A winning gate 's about that lassie,
 Something mair than meets the een.
 Had she na baked the Christmas pasty,
 Think ye it had been sae fine?
 Or yet the biscuit sae delicious
 That we crumpit to the wine?

Her ringlets are the gift o' nature,
 Flowing gracefu' o'er her brow;
 The turn, the hue o' ilka feature,
 Form, and colour, nature drew.
 She 's meikle sought, and meikle thought o',
 Lang unwedded canna be;
 Wi' kindness court the comely creature,
 Cast the glaumrie o'er her e'e.

Have ye an ear can be delighted ?
Like a seraph she can sing,
Wi' charming grace and witching manner,
Thrilling o'er the music string.
Her tell the tale that moves to pity,
But wi' heart and feeling speak ;
Then watch the turn o' ilka feature,
Kiss the tear that weets her cheek.

She sooms na aye in silk or satin,
Flaunting like a modern belle ;
Her robe and plaid 's the simple tartan,
Sweet and modest like hersel'.
The shapely robe adorns her person
That her eident hand wad sew ;
The plaid sae graceful flung around her,
'Twas her tastefu' manner threw.

She 'll mak' a thrifty loving woman
To a kind weel-doing man,
Forby a tender-hearted mother—
Win the lassie if ye can.
For weel she 's worth your heart and treasure ;
May your bridal day be near—
Then half a score o' bairns hereafter—
May ye live a hunder year.

HEW AINSLIE.

HEW AINSLIE was born on the 5th April 1792, at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, and county of Ayr. Receiving the rudiments of education from a private teacher in his father's house, he entered the parish school of Ballantrae in his tenth year, and afterwards became a pupil in the academy of Ayr. A period of bad health induced him to forego the regular prosecution of learning, and, having quitted the academy, he accepted employment as an assistant landscape gardener on the estate of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton. At the age of sixteen he entered the writing chambers of a legal gentleman in Glasgow, but the confinement of the office proving uncongenial, he took a hasty departure, throwing himself on the protection of some relatives at Roslin, near Edinburgh. His father's family soon after removed to Roslin, and through the kindly interest of Mr Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Clerk Register, he procured a clerkship in the General Register House, Edinburgh. For some months he acted as amanuensis to Professor Dugald Stewart, in transcribing his last work for the press.

Having entered into the married state, and finding the salary of his office in the Register House unequal to the comfortable maintenance of his family, he resolved to emigrate to the United States, in the hope of bettering his circumstances. Arriving at New York in July 1822, he made purchase of a farm in that State, and there resided the three following years. He next made a trial of the

Social System of Robert Owen, at New Harmony, but abandoned the project at the close of a year. In 1827 he entered into partnership with Messrs Price & Wood, brewers, in Cincinnati, and set up a branch of the establishment at Louisville. Removing to New Albany, Indiana, he there built a large brewery for a joint-stock company, and in 1832 erected in that place similar premises on his own account. The former was ruined by the great Ohio flood of 1832, and the latter perished by fire in 1834. He has since followed the occupation of superintending the erection of mills and factories; and has latterly fixed his abode in Jersey, a suburb of New York.

Early imbued with the love of song, Mr Ainslie composed verses when a youth on the mountains of Carrick. A visit to his native country in 1820 revived the ardour of his muse; and shortly before his departure to America, he published the whole of his rhyming effusions in a duodecimo volume, with the title, "Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns." A second volume from his pen, entitled, "Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems," was in 1855 published at New York.

THE HAMEWARD SANG.

EACH whirl of the wheel,
 Each step brings me nearer
 The hame of my youth—
 Every object grows dearer.
 Thae hills and thae huts,
 And thae trees on that green,
 Losh! they glower in my face
 Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social,
 As gif they would crack ;
 And the sang o' the birds
 Seems to welcome me back.
 Oh, dear to our hearts
 Is the hand that first fed us,
 And dear is the land
 And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
 With whom we once sported,
 And dearer the maiden
 Whose love we first courted.
 Joy's image may perish,
 E'en grief die away ;
 But the scenes of our youth
 Are recorded for aye.

DOWIE IN THE HINT O' HAIRST.

Its dowie in the hint o' hairst,
 At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
 When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow
 bauld,
 And the wuds are hingin' yellow ;
 But oh, its dowier far to see
 The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi',
 The dead-set o' a shinin' e'e—
 That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—
 Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder ;
 And the thing on yird was never made,
 That could hae gart us sunder.
 But the way of heaven's aboon a' ken,
 And we maun bear what it likes to sen'—
 It's comfort, though, to weary men,
 That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae,
 Just kent, and just forgotten ;
 And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
 Gin anither year lie rotten.
 But the last look o' that lovely e'e,
 And the dying grip she gae to me,
 They're settled like eternitie—
 Oh, Mary ! that I were wi' thee.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

CAN you lo'e, my dear lassie,
 The hills wild and free ;
 Whar' the sang o' the shepherd
 Gars a' ring wi' glee?
 Or the steep rocky glens,
 Where the wild falcons bide?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 And, fy, let us ride !

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
 That ne'er war in rigs?
 Or the bonnie lounie lee,
 Where the sweet robin bigs?

Or the sang o' the lintie,
 Whan wooin' his bride?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 And, fy, let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
 That louns amang linns?
 Or the bonnie green howmes,
 Where it cannilie rins,
 Wi' a cantie bit housie,
 Sae snug by its side?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 And, fy, let us ride!

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

THE Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane,
 Wi' his merry men sae brave;
 Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
 Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.
 Its no when the loch lies dead in his trough
 When naething disturbs it ava;
 But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,
 Or the splash o' the gray sea-maw.

Its no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
 Owre the breast o' the siller sea;
 That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
 An' the rover that's dear to me,
 But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flud,
 An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
 When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaup's cry,
 As they rise frae the whitening roar.

Its then that I look to the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide ;
 I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
 An' the sea that he glories to ride.
 Oh, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
 Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
 As his e'e's upon Galloway's land :

“ Unstent and slack each reef an' tack,
 Gae her sail, boys, while it may sit ;
 She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.
 When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
 O' the wave that heaves us on.”

THE LAST LOOK O' HAME.

BARE was our burn brae,
 December's blast had blawn,
 The last flower was dead,
 An' the brown leaf had fa'n :
 It was dark in the deep glen,
 Hoary was our hill ;
 An' the win' frae the cauld north,
 Cam' heavy and chill :

When I said fare-ye-weel,
 To my kith and my kin ;
 My barque it lay ahead,
 An' my cot-house ahin' ;

I had nought left to tine,
 I'd a wide warl' to try;
 But my heart it wadna lift,
 An' my e'e it wadna dry.

I look'd lang at the ha',
 Through the mist o' my tears,
 Where the kind lassie lived,
 I had run wi' for years;
 E'en the glens where we sat,
 Wi' their broom-covered knowes,
 Took a haud on this heart
 That I ne'er can unloose.

I hae wander'd sin' syne,
 By gay temples and towers,
 Where the ungather'd spice
 Scents the breeze in their bowers;
 Oh! sic scenes I could leave
 Without pain or regret;
 But the last look o' hame
 I ne'er can forget.

THE LADS AN' THE LAND FAR AWA'.

AIR—' *My ain fireside.*'

WHEN I think on the lads an' the land I hae left,
 An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft;
 How the hinnie o' hope has been jumbled wi' ga',
 Then I sigh for the lads an' the land far awa'.

When I think on the days o' delight we hae seen,
 When the flame o' the spirit would spark in the e'en ;
 Then I say, as in sorrow I think on ye a',
 Where will I find hearts like the hearts far awa'?

When I think on the nights we hae spent hand in
 hand,
 Wi' mirth for our sowther, and friendship our band,
 This world gets dark ; but ilk night has a daw',
 And I yet may rejoice in the land far awa'!

MY BONNIE WEE BELL.

My bonnie wee Bell was a mitherless bairn,
 Her aunty was sour, an' her uncle was stern ;
 While her cousin was aft in a cankersome mood ;
 But that hinder'd na Bell growing bonnie and gude.

When we ran to the schule, I was aye by her han',
 To wyse off the busses, or help owre a stran' ;
 An' as aulder we grew, a' the neighbours could tell
 Hoo my liking grew wi' thee, my bonnie wee Bell.

Thy cousin gangs dinkit, thy cousin gangs drest,
 In her silks and her satins, the brawest and best ;
 But the gloss o' a cheek, the glint o' an e'e,
 Are jewels frae heaven, nae tocher can gie.

Some goud, an' some siller, my auld gutcher left,
 An' in houses an' mailins I'll soon be infest ;
 I've a vow in the heaven, I've an aith wi' thysel',
 I'll make room in this world for thee, bonnie Bell.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

WILLIAM THOMSON was born in 1797, in the village of Kennoway, Fifeshire. He has constantly resided in his native place. After obtaining an ordinary education at the parish school, he engaged in the business of a manufacturer. Relinquishing this occupation; he became a grocer and general merchant; and since 1824, he has held the office of Postmaster. He composed verses at an early period. In 1825, some of his verses appeared in the *Paisley Advertiser*, and the favour with which they were received induced him to offer some poetical compositions to the *Fife Herald*, a newspaper which had just been established in the capital of his native county. Under the signature of *Theta*, he has since been a regular contributor of verses to that journal. He has likewise contributed articles in prose and poetry to other newspapers and some of the periodicals.

THE MAIDEN TO HER REAPING HOOK.

The soldier waves the shining sword, the shepherd boy
his crook,
The boatman plies the splashing oar, but well I love the
hook.

When swift I haste at sunny morn, unto the spreading
plain,
And view before me, like a sea, the fields of golden
grain,
And listen to the cheerful sound of harvest's echoing
horn,
Or join the merry reaper band, that gather in the corn ;
How sweet the friendly welcoming, how gladsome every
look,
Ere we begin, with busy hands, to wield the Reaping
Hook.

My Reaping Hook! my Reaping Hook! I love thee
better far,
Than glancing spear and temper'd sword, bright instru-
ments of war ;
As thee I grasp with willing hand, and feel a reaper's
glee,
When, waving in the rustling breeze, the ripen'd field I
see ;
Or listen to the harmless jest, the bandsman's cheerful
song,
The hearty laugh, the rustic mirth, while mingling
'mid the throng ;
With joy I see the well-fill'd sheaf, and mark each
rising stook,
As thee I ply with agile arm, my trusty Reaping Hook!

They tell of glorious battle-fields, strew'd thick with
heaps of slain !
Alas! the triumphs of the sword bring only grief and
pain ;

But thou, my shining Reaping Hook, the symbol art of
peace,
And fill'st a thousand families with smiles and happiness;
While conquering warrior's burning brand, amid his
gory path,
The emblem is of pain and woe, of man's destructive
wrath.
Soon therefore may the spear give place unto the shep-
herd's crook,
And the conqueror's flaming sword be turn'd into a
Reaping Hook!

ALEXANDER SMART.

ALEXANDER SMART was born at Montrose on the 26th April 1798. His father was a respectable shoemaker in the place. A portion of his school education was conducted under the care of one Norval, a teacher in the Montrose Academy, whose mode of infusing knowledge he has not unjustly satirised in his poem, entitled "Recollections of Auld Lang Syne." Norval was a model among the tyrant pedagogues of the past; and as an illustration of Scottish school life fifty years since, we present our author's reminiscences of the despot. "Gruesome in visage and deformed in body, his mind reflected the grim and tortuous aspects of his person. The recollection of his monstrous cruelties,—his cruel flagellations,—is still unaccountably depressing. One day of horrors I shall never cease to remember. Every Saturday he caused the pupils to repeat a prayer which he had composed for their use; and in hearing which he stood over each with a paper ruler, ready, in the event of omission of word or phrase, to strike down the unfortunate offender, who all the while drooped tremblingly before him. On one of these days of extorted prayer, I was found at fault in my grammar lesson, and the offence was deemed worthy of peculiar castigation. The school was dismissed at the usual time, but, along with a few other boys who were to become witnesses of my punishment and disgrace, I was detained in the class-room, and dragged to the presence of the tyrant. Despite of his every effort, I resisted being bound to the bench, and

flogged after the fashion of the times. So the punishment was commuted into 'palmies.' Horrible commutation! Sixty lashes with leather thongs on my right hand, inflicted with all the severity of a tyrant's wrath, made me scream in the anguish of desperation. My pitiless tormentor, unmoved by the sight of my hand sorely lacerated, and swollen to twice its natural size, threatened to cut out my tongue if I continued to complain; and so saying, laid hold on a pair of scissors, and inflicted a deep cut on my lip. The horrors of the day fortunately emancipated me from the further control of the despot."

At another seminary Smart completed his education. He was now apprenticed to a watchmaker in his native town, his hours of leisure being sedulously devoted to the perusal of the more distinguished British poets. It was his delight to repeat his favourite passages in solitary rambles on the sea beach. In 1819, on the completion of his apprenticeship, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where, during a period of six months, he wrought at his trade. But the sedentary life of a watchmaker proving injurious to his health, he was led to seek employment in a printing-office. Soon after, he became editor, printer, and publisher of the *Montrose Chronicle*, a newspaper which was originated in his native town, but which proved unsuccessful. He thereafter held an appointment in the office of the *Dundee Courier*. Returning to Edinburgh, he accepted employment as a pressman in a respectable printing-office, and afterwards attained the position of press overseer in one of the most important printing establishments of the city.

In his twentieth year Smart ventured on the composition of verses, but being dissatisfied with his efforts, he consigned them to oblivion. He subsequently re-

newed his invocation of the Muse, and in 1834 published a small duodecimo volume of poems and songs, entitled "Rambling Rhymes." This publication attracted considerable attention, and secured for the author the personal favour of Lord Jeffrey. He also received the commendation of Thomas Campbell, Charles Dickens, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Charles Mackay, and other literary and poetical celebrities. A new and enlarged edition of his volume appeared in 1845, and was dedicated by permission to Lord Jeffrey.

Smart was one of the principal contributors to "Whistle Binkie." At different periods he has composed excellent prose essays and sketches, some of which have appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*. Those papers entitled "Burns and his Ancestors," "Leaves from an Autobiography," and "Scenes from the Life of a Sufferer," may be especially enumerated. Of a peculiarly nervous temperament, he has more than once experienced the miseries of mental aberration. Latterly he has completely recovered his health, and living in Edinburgh with his wife and family, he divides his time between the mechanical labours of the printing-office and the more congenial pursuits of literature.

WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

When the bee has left the blossom,
And the lark has closed his lay,
And the daisy folds its bosom
In the dews of gloaming gray ;

When the virgin rose is bending,
Wet with evening's pensive tear,
And the purple light is blending
With the soft moon rising clear ;

Meet me then, my own true maiden,
Where the wild flowers shed their bloom
And the air with fragrance laden,
Breathes around a rich perfume.
With my true love as I wander,
Captive led by beauty's power,
Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender
Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,
Give the poet laurell'd fame,
Let renown in song and story
Consecrate the hero's name ;
Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
Give the courtier place and power ;
Give to me my bosom's treasure,
And the lonely gloaming hour.

OH, LEAVE ME NOT.

OH, leave me not ! the evening hour,
So soft, so still, is all our own ;
The dew descends on tree and flower,
They breathe their sweets for thee alone.

Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
 The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
 And dying echoes, faint and far,
 Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
 Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
 That lip to press, those smiles to win,
 Will lend a rapture to the night.
 Let fortune fling her favours free
 To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine:
 Oh, what is all the world to me,
 While thus I clasp and call thee mine!

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair! when the dark cloud is lowering,
 The sun, though obscured, never ceases to shine;
 Above the black tempest his radiance is pouring
 While faithless and faint-hearted mortals repine.
 The journey of life has its lights and its shadows,
 And Heaven in its wisdom to each sends a share;
 Though rough be the road, yet with reason to guide us,
 And courage to conquer, we'll never despair!

Never despair! when with troubles contending,
 Make labour and patience a sword and a shield,
 And win brighter laurels, with courage unbending,
 Than ever were gained on the blood-tainted field.
 As gay as the lark in the beam of the morning,
 When young hearts spring upward to do and to dare,
 The bright star of promise their future adorning,
 Will light them along, and they'll never despair!

The oak in the tempest grows strong by resistance,
The arm at the anvil gains muscular power,
And firm self-reliance, that seeks no assistance,
Goes onward, rejoicing, through sunshine and shower ;
For life is a struggle, to try and to prove us,
And true hearts grow stronger by labour and care,
While Hope, like a seraph, still whispers above us,—
Look upward and onward, and never despair !

JOHN DUNLOP.

THE author of some popular songs, and of four volumes of MS. poetry, John Dunlop is entitled to a place in the catalogue of Caledonian lyrists. The younger son of Colin Dunlop of Carmyle, he was born in November 1755, in the mansion of the paternal estate, in the parish of Old Monkland, and county of Lanark. Commencing his career as a merchant in Glasgow, he was in 1796 elevated to the Lord Provostship of the city. He afterwards accepted the office of Collector of Customs at Borrowstounness, and subsequently occupied the post of Collector at Port-Glasgow. His death took place at Port-Glasgow, in October 1820.

Possessed of fine poetic tastes and an elegant fancy, Dunlop composed verses on every variety of theme, with facility and power. His MS. volumes, which have been kindly submitted to our inspection by a descendant, and from which we have made some extracts, contain numerous poetical compositions worthy of being presented to the public. A vein of humour pervades the majority of his verses; in the elegiac strain he is eminently plaintive. He is remembered as a man of excellent dispositions and eminent social qualities: he sung with grace the songs of his country, and delighted in humorous conversation. His elder brother was proprietor of Garnkirk, and his son, who bore the same Christian name, became Sheriff of Renfrewshire. The latter is entitled to remembrance as the author of "The History of Fiction."

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

Here's to the year that's awa' !

We will drink it in strong and in sma' ;
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
 While swift flew the year that's awa'.
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,

And the sailor who bravely did fa' ;
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust

When the storms of adversity blaw ;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 May they live, &c.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

TUNE—' *Comin' through the rye.*'

Oh, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee ;
 Troth, I daurna tell :
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye ;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh, dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true ;
 Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
 And bonnie lassies see,
 Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me ;
 And oh, I'm sure, my heart would break,
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

LOVE FLIES THE HAUNTS OF POMP AND POWER.*

Love flies the haunts of pomp and power,
 To find the calm retreat ;
 Loathing he leaves the velvet couch,
 To seek the moss-grown seat.

Splendid attire and gilded crowns
 Can ne'er with love accord ;
 But russet robes, and rosy wreathes,
 His purest joys afford.

From pride, from business, and from care,
 His greatest sorrows flow ;
 When these usurp the heart of man,
 That heart he ne'er can know.

* This lyric and the following are printed from the author's MSS.

WAR.

TUNE—'Where they go, where they go.'

For twenty years and more,
 Bloody war,
 Bloody war ;
 For twenty years and more,
 Bloody war.
 For twenty years and more
 We heard the cannons roar
 To swell the tide of gore,
 Bloody war !

A tyrant on a throne
 We have seen,
 We have seen ;
 A tyrant on a throne
 Who thought the earth his own,
 But now is hardly known
 To have been.

Who rung the loud alarm
 To be free,
 To be free ?
 Who rung the loud alarm
 To be free ?
 'Twas Britain broke the charm,
 And with her red right arm
 She rung the loud alarm
 To be free.

The battle van she led
 Of the brave,
 Of the brave ;

The battle van she led
 Of the brave ;
The battle van she led,
Till tyranny lay dead,
And glory crown'd the head
 Of the brave.

Give honour to the brave
 Where they lie,
 Where they lie ;
Give honour to the brave
 Where they lie ;
Give honour to the brave,
And sacred be the grave,
On land or in the wave,
 Where they lie.

WILLIAM BLAIR.

WILLIAM BLAIR, author of "The Highland Maid," was, in the year 1800, born at Dunfermline. The son of respectable parents of the industrial class, he received an ordinary education at the burgh school. Apprenticed to the loom, he became known as a writer of verses; and having attracted the notice of an officer's lady, then resident in the place, he was at her expense sent to the grammar school. Having made some progress in classical learning, he was recommended for educational employment in Dollar Academy; but no suitable situation being vacant at the period of his application, he was led to despair of emanating from the humble condition of his birth. A settled melancholy was afterwards succeeded by symptoms of permanent imbecility. For a number of years Blair has been an inmate of the Dunfermline poor house.

THE HIGHLAND MAID.

AGAIN the laverock seeks the sky,
And warbles, dimly scen;
And summer views, wi' sunny joy,
Her gowany robe o' green.
But ah! the summer's blithe return,
In flowery pride array'd,
Nae mair can cheer this heart forlorn,
Or charm the Highland Maid.

My true love fell by Charlie's side,
Wi' mony a clansman dear ;
That fatal day—oh, wae betide
The cruel Southron's spear !
His bonnet blue is fallen now,
And bluidy is the plaid,
That aften on the mountain's brow,
Has wrapt his Highland Maid.

My father's shieling on the hill
Is dowie now and sad ;
The breezes whisper round me still,
I've lost my Highland lad.
Upon Culloden's fatal heath,
He spake o' me, they said,
And falter'd, wi' his dying breath,
“ Adieu, my Highland Maid ! ”

The weary nicht for rest I seek,
The langsome day I mourn ;
The smile upon my wither'd cheek
Can never mair return.
But soon beneath the sod I'll lie,
In yonder lonely glade ;
And, haply, ilka passer by
Will mourn the Highland Maid.

THE NEAPOLITAN WAR SONG.*

TUNE—" *Brian the Brave.*"

YOUR foes are at hand, and the brand that they wield,
Soon, soon will emblazon your plain ;
But, ah ! may the arm of the brave be your shield,
And the song of the victory your strain.
Remember the fetters and chains that are wove,
And fated by slavery's decree,
Are not like the fetters of union and love,
That bind and encircle the free.

Though rich be your fields, they will blight in their
bloom,
With the glow of the patriot's fires ;
And the sun that now gladdens, shall sink into gloom,
And grow dark when your freedom expires.
Be yours, then, the triumph to brave ones that's meet,
And your country, with laurels in store,
Each weary and toil-worn warrior will greet
When the tumult of battle is o'er.

* Here printed for the first time.

ARCHIBALD MACKAY.

ARCHIBALD MACKAY was born at Kilmarnock in 1801. Receiving a common school education, he was apprenticed to a handloom weaver. Abandoning the loom, he subsequently acquired a knowledge of bookbinding, and has continued to prosecute that trade. From his youth devoted to the Muse, he produced in 1828 a metrical tale, entitled "Drouthy Tam," which, passing through numerous editions, brought a local reputation to the writer. In 1830 he published a small volume of poems, and in 1832 a little work in prose and verse, entitled "Recreations of Leisure Hours." In 1848 appeared from his pen a "History of Kilmarnock," in a well-written octavo volume. A collection of his best songs was published in 1855, under the title of "Ingleside Lilts." Mackay has contributed extensively to the local journals, and has established a circulating library for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen.

OUR AULD SCOTS SANGS.

AIR—" *Traveller's Return.*"

OH, weel I lo'e our auld Scots sangs,
The mournfu' and the gay ;
They charm'd me by a mither's knee,
In bairnhood's happy day :

And even yet, though owre my pow
 The snaws of agê are flung,
 The bluid lous joyfu' in my veins
 Whene'er I hear them sung.

They bring the fond smile to the cheek,
 Or tear-drap to the e'e ;
 They bring to mind auld cronies kind,
 Wha sung them aft wi' glee.
 We seem again to hear the voice
 Of mony a lang-lost frien' ;
 We seem again to grip the hand
 That lang in dust has been.

And, oh, how true our auld Scots sangs
 When nature they portray !
 We think we hear the wee bit burn
 Gaun bickering doun the brae ;
 We see the spot, though far awa',
 Where first life's breath we drew,
 And a' the gowden scenes of youth
 Seem rising to the view.

And dear I lo'e the wild war strains
 Our langsyne minstrels sung—
 They rouse wi' patriotic fires
 The hearts of auld and young ;
 And even the dowie dirge that wails
 Some brave but ruin'd band,
 Inspires us wi' a warmer love
 For hame and fatherland.

Yes, leese me on our auld Scots sangs—
 The sangs of love and glee,
 The sangs that tell of glorious deeds
 That made auld Scotland free.

What though they sprung frae simple bards,
 Wha kent nae rules of art?
 They ever, ever yield a charm
 That lingers round the heart.

MY LADDIE LIES LOW.

ALAS! how true the boding voice
 That whisper'd aft to me,
 "Thy bonnie lad will ne'er return
 To Scotland or to thee!"
 Oh! true it spoke, though hope the while
 Shed forth its brightest beam;
 For low in death my laddie lies
 By Alma's bloody stream.

I heard the village bells proclaim
 That glorious deeds were done;
 I heard wi' joy the gladsome shout,
 "The field, the field is won!"
 And I thought my lad, wi' glory crown'd,
 Might come to me again;
 But vain the thought! cold, cold he lies
 On Alma's gory plain.

Oh! woe to him whose thirst for power
 Has roll'd the bolts of war,
 And made my laddie bleed and die
 Frae hame and friends afar.
 Alas! his form I ne'er shall see,
 Except in fancy's dream;
 For low he lies, where brave he fought,
 By Alma's bloody stream.

JOUK AND LET THE JAW GAE BY.

AIR—" *Jockie's Gray Breeks.*"

OH! say not life is ever drear,
 For midst its scenes of toil and care
 There 's aye some joy the heart to cheer—
 There 's aye some spot that 's green and fair.
 To gain that spot the aim be ours,
 For nocht we 'll get unless we try ;
 And when misfortune round us lours,
 We 'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

The wee bit flow'ret in the glen
 Maun bend beneath the surly blast ;
 The birdie seeks some leafy den,
 And shelters till the storm is past :
 The " owrie sheep," when winds blaw snell,
 To some lowne spot for refuge hie ;
 And sae, frae ills we canna quell,
 We 'll jouk and let the jaw gae by.

Yet there are ills we a' should brave—
 The ills that man on man would throw ;
 For oh ! he 's but a thowless slave,
 That patient bears Oppression's woe.
 But if 'tis but the taunts of pride,
 Of envy's tongue that would annoy,
 'Tis nobler far to turn aside,
 And jouk and let the jaw gae by.

In worldly gear we may be bare,
 We may hae mony a dreary hour ;
 But never, never nurse despair,
 For ilka ane maun taste the sour :

Even kings themsels, wi' a' their power,
 Wi' a' their pomp and honours high,
 'Neath adverse blasts are forced to cower,
 And jouk to let the jaw gae by.

But mark this truth—the ills that blight
 Are aft the fruits that folly brings ;
 Then shun the wrong, pursue the right—
 Frae this the truest pleasure springs ;
 And fret not though dark clouds should spread
 At times across life's troubled sky ;
 Sweet sunshine will the gloom succeed—
 Sae jouk and let the jaw gae by.

VICTORIOUS BE AGAIN, BOYS.

HURRAH ! hurrah ! we 've glory won,
 And brighter blazes freedom's sun ;
 But daring deeds must yet be done
 To curb Oppression's reign, boys.
 Like wintry clouds in masses roll'd,
 Our foes are thick'ning on the wold ;
 Then up ! then up ! be firm—be bold—
 Victorious be again, boys.

The hearts—the blessings of the brave—
 Of those who scorn the name of slave,
 Are with you on the ocean's wave,
 And on the battle-plain, boys :
 Then rouse ye, rouse ye, every one,
 And gird your brightest armour on ;
 Complete the work so well begun—
 Victorious be again, boys !

Though red with gore your path may be,
It leads to glorious liberty ;
Remember, God is with the free,
 The brave He will sustain, boys :
The tyrant fears the coming fight,
He fears the power of Truth and Right ;
Then up ! then up ! in all your might—
 Victorious be again, boys.

WILLIAM AIR FOSTER.

THE author of some spirited effusions in Scottish verse, William Air Foster, was born at Coldstream on the 16th June 1801. He has followed the occupation of a bootmaker, first in his native town, and latterly in Glasgow. Devoted to the Border sports, in which he was formerly an active performer, he has celebrated them in animated verse. To "Whistle Binkie" he has contributed a number of sporting and angling songs, and he has composed some volumes of poetry which are still in manuscript.

FAREWHEEL TO SCOTIA.

FAREWHEEL to ilk hill whar the red heather grows,
 To ilk bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,
 To the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,
 To the graves o' my sires, and the hearths o' my kin.

Fareweel to ilk strath an' the lav'rock's sweet sang—
 For trifles grow dear whan we've kenn'd them sae lang;
 Round the wanderer's heart a bright halo they shed,
 A dream o' the past, when a' other's hae fled.

The young hearts may kythe, though they're forced far
 away,
 But its dool to the spirit when haffets are gray;
 The saplin transplanted may flourish a tree,
 Whar the hardy auld aik wad but wither and dee.

They tell me I gang whar the tropic suns shine
 Owre landscapes as lovely and fragrant as thine ;
 For the objects sae dear that the heart had entwined
 Turn cerisome hame-thoughts, and sicken the mind.

No, my spirit shall stray whar the red heather grows !
 In the bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,
 'Neath the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,
 'Mang the graves o' my sires, round the hearths o' my
 kin.

THE FALCON'S FLIGHT.

AIR—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

I SING of gentle woodcroft gay, for well I love to rove,
 With the spaniel at my side and the falcon on my glove ;
 For the noble bird which graced my hand I feel my
 spirit swell,
 Array'd in all her hunting-gear—hood, jessy, leash, and
 bell.

I have watch'd her through the moult, till her castings
 all were pure,
 And have steep'd and clean'd each gorge ere 'twas fix'd
 upon the lure ;
 While now to field or forest glade I can my falcon bring
 Without a pile of feather wrong, on body, breast, or
 wing.

When drawn the leash, and slipt the hood, her eye
 beams black and bright,
 And from my hand the gallant bird is cast upon her
 flight ;

Away she darts, on pinions free, above the mountains
far,
Until in less'ning size she seems no bigger than a star.

Away, away, in farthest flight I feel no fear or dread,
When a whistle or a whoop brings her tow'ring o'er my
head ;
While poised on moveless wing, from her voice a murmur
swells,
To speak her presence near, above the chiming from her
bells.

'Tis Rover's bark—halloo! see the broad-wing'd heron
rise,
And soaring round my falcon queen, above her quarry
flies,
With outstretch'd neck the wary game shoots for the
covert nigh ;
But o'er him for a settled stoop my hawk is tow'ring
high.

My falcon's tow'ring o'er him with an eye of fire and
pride,
Her pinions strong, with one short pull, are gather'd to
her side,
When like a stone from off the sling, or bolt from out
the bow,
In meteor flight, with sudden dart, she stoops upon her
foe.

The vanquish'd and the vanquisher sink rolling round
and round,
With wounded wing the quarried game falls heavy on
the ground.

Away, away, my falcon fair has spread her buoyant
wings,
While on the ear her silver voice as clear as metal rings.

Though high her soar, and far her flight, my whoop has
struck her ear,
And reclaiming for the lure, o'er my head she sallies
near.

No other sport like falconry can make the bosom glow,
When flying at the stately game, or raking at the crow.

Who mews a hawk must nurse her as a mother would
her child,
And soothe the wayward spirit of a thing so fierce and
wild;
Must woo her like a bride, while with love his bosom
swells
For the noble bird that bears the hood, the jessy, leash,
and bells.

THE SALMON RUN.

AIR—“*The brave old Oak.*”

OH! away to the Tweed,
To the beautiful Tweed,
My much-loved native stream;
Where the fish from his hold,
'Neath some cataract bold,
Starts up like a quivering gleam.

From his iron-bound keep,
Far down in the deep,
He holds on his sovereign sway;

Or darts like a lance,
Or the meteor's glance,
Afar on his bright-wing'd prey.

As he roves through the tide,
Then his clear glitt'ring side
Is burnish'd with silver and gold ;
And the sweep of his flight
Seems a rainbow of light,
As again he sinks down in his hold.

With a soft western breeze,
That just thrills through the trees,
And ripples the beautiful bay ;
Throw the fly for a lure—
That's a rise ! strike him sure—
A clean fish—with a burst he's away.

Hark ! the ravel line sweet,
From the fast-whirring reel,
With a music that gladdens the ear ;
And the thrill of delight,
In that glorious fight,
To the heart of the angler is dear.

Hold him tight—for the leap ;
Where the waters are deep,
Give out line in the far steady run ;
Reel up quick, if he tire,
Though the wheel be on fire,
For in earnest to work he's begun.

Aroused up at length,
How he rolls in his strength,
And springs with a quivering bound ;

Then away with a dash,
Like the lightning's flash,
Far o'er the smooth pebbly ground.

Though he strain on the thread,
Down the stream with his head,
That burst from the run makes him cool;
Then spring out for the land,
On the rod change the hand,
And draw down for the deepening pool.

Mark the gleam of his side,
As he shoots through the tide!
Are the dyes of the dolphin more fair?
Fatigue now begins,
For his quivering fins
On the shallows are spread in despair.

CHARLES MARSHALL.

THE Rev. Charles Marshall, author of "Homely Words and Songs for Working Men and Women," is a native of Paisley. In early life he was engaged in mercantile concerns. At the University of Glasgow he studied for two sessions, and in 1826 completed a philosophical curriculum at the University of Edinburgh. In the following year he was chosen governor of John Watson's Institution, Edinburgh, where he remained for thirteen years. During that time the directors of the institution expressed their approbation of his services by large pecuniary donations, and by increasing his official emoluments. In addition to these expressions of liberality, they afforded him permission to attend the Divinity Hall. In 1840, on the completion of his theological studies, he was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church. In 1841 he accepted a call to the North Extension Church, Dunfermline. At the Disruption in 1843, he adhered to the Free Church. He continues to labour as minister of the Free North Church, Dunfermline.

To the moral and religious reformation of the industrial classes, as well as the improvement of their physical condition, Mr Marshall has long been earnestly devoted. In 1853 he published a small volume of prose and poetry, addressed to industrial females, with the title, "Lays and Lectures to Scotia's Daughters of Industry." This work rapidly passed through various editions. In 1856 he appeared as the author of a similar publica-

tion, entitled "Homely Words and Songs for Working Men and Women," to which his former work has been added as a second part. For terse and homely counsels, and vigorous and manly sentiments, adapted to the peculiar feelings and condition of the Scottish peasantry, these *brochures* are without a parallel. Mr Marshall proposes to add to the series two other parts, addressed to "Husbands and Fathers," and to "Young Men."

THE BLESSING ON THE WARK.

I LIKE to spring in the morning bricht,
 Before the mill bell rings ;
 When waukening blithe in gowden licht,
 My joyfu' spirit sings.

I like to hear, when the pearly tear
 Gems morning's floweret cup,
 The trumpet summons of chanticleer
 Pipe "drowsy mortals up."

I tread as lightly as silent puss,
 While a' the household sleep ;
 And gird me to clean and redd the house
 Before the bairnies cheep.

I like to dress and mak me clean
 As ony winsome bride ;
 And think na shame, though my face be seen,
 At morn or eventide.

I like to handle, before I rin,
 The word o' truth and love ;
 And seek, or the daily wark begin,
 Gude counsel from above.

Then skipping wi' lichtsome heart, I hie
 To earn my bit o' bread ;
 The wark spins on, and the time rins by,
 Wi' pleasant, blessed speed.

JEWEL OF A LAD.

AIR—" *Fye, gae rub her owre wi' strae.*"

As sunshine to the flowers in May,
 As wild flowers to the hinny bee,
 As fragrant scent o' new mown hay,
 So my true love is sweet to me.

As costly jewels to the bride,
 As beauty to the bridegroom's e'e—
 To sailors, as fair wind and tide,
 So my true love is dear to me.

As rain-draps to the thirsty earth,
 As waters to the willow-tree,
 As mother's joy at baby's birth,
 So my true love is dear to me.

Though owning neither wealth nor lan',
 He 's ane o' Heaven's pedigree ;
 His love to God, his love to man,
 His goodness makes him dear to me.

The lass that weds a warly fool
 May laugh, and sing, and dance a wee ;
 But earthly love soon waxes cool,
 And foolish fancies turn ajee.

My laddie's heart is fu' o' grace,
 His loving e'e blinks bonnily,
 A heavenly licht illumes his face ;
 Nae wonder though he 's dear to me.

TWILIGHT JOYS.

MUSING, we sat in our garden bower,
 In the balmy month of June,
 Enjoying the pensive gloamin' hour
 When our daily task was done.

We spake of the friends of our early days,
 Some living, some dead and gane,
 And fancy skimm'd o'er the flow'ry braes
 Of our morning life again.

A bless'd, a lightsome hour was that,
 And joyful were we to see
 The sunny face of ilk bonnie brat,
 So full of frolicsome glee.

They ran, they row'd, they warsl'd, they fell,
 Whiles whirl'd in a fairy ring—
 Our hearts ran o'er like a gushing well,
 And we bless'd each happy thing.

In our wee dwelling the lamp of love,
 Trimm'd daily by faith and prayer,
Flings light on earth, on heaven above,
 Sheds glory everywhere.

This golden lamp shines clear and bright,
 When the world looks dark and doure,
It brightens our morning, noon, and night,
 And gladdens our gloamin' hour.

WILLIAM WILSON.

WILLIAM WILSON was born on the 25th December 1801, in the village of Crieff, Perthshire. His parents being of the industrial class and in indigent circumstances, he was early devoted to a life of manual labour. While employed in a factory at Dundee, some of his poetical compositions were brought under the notice of Mrs Grant, of Laggan, who interested herself in his behalf, and enabled him to begin business as a coal merchant. He married early in life, and continued after marriage to write as ardent poetry about his wife as he had done before marriage. On her death, he married a lady of respectable connexions in the county of Roxburgh. In December 1833, he emigrated to America, and has since been in business as a publisher at Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York. He has repeatedly delivered lectures to scientific institutions, and is well known to the higher class of literary men in America. Many of his earlier poems were contributed to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*; and he has published several of his own and other songs, with music of his own composition.

O BLESSING ON HER STARLIKE E'EN.

O BLESSING on her starlike e'en,
Wi' their glance o' love divine;
And blessing on the red, red lip,
Was press'd yestreen to mine!

Her braided locks that waved sae light,
As she danced through the lofty ha',
Were like the cluds on the brow o' night,
Or the wing o' the hoodie craw.

O mony a jimp an' gentle dame,
In jewell'd pomp was there ;
But she was first among them a',
In peerless beauty rare !

Her bosom is a holy shrine,
Unstain'd by mortal sin,
An' spotless as the snaw-white foam,
On the breast o' the siller linn.

Her voice—hae ye heard the goudspink's note,
By bowery glen or brake ?
Or listen'd ye e'er to the mermaid's lay,
By sea or mountain lake ?

Hae ye dreamt ye heard, i' the bowers o' heaven,
The angel's melodie ?
Or fancied ye listen'd the sang o' the spheres
As they swung on their path on hie ?

Far sweeter to me was her lay o' love,
At the gloamin' hour yestreen ;
An', oh ! were I king o' the warld wide,
I would mak' that maiden my queen.

OH! BLESSING ON THEE, LAND.

OH! blessing on thee, land
 Of love and minstrel song ;
 For Freedom found a dwelling-place
 Thy mountain cliffs among !
 And still she loves to roam
 Among thy heath-clad hills ;
 And blend her wild-wood harp's sweet strain
 With the voice of mountain rills.

Her song is on the gale,
 Her step upon the wold ;
 And morning diamonds brightly gem
 Her braided locks of gold.
 Far up the pine-wood glen,
 Her sylph-like form is seen,
 By hunter in the hazy dawn,
 Or wandering bard at e'en.

My own dear native home,
 The birthplace of the brave,
 O never may thy soil be trod
 By tyrant or by slave !
 Then, blessing on thee, land
 Of love and minstrel song ;
 For Freedom found a dwelling-place,
 Thy mountain cliffs among !

THE FAITHLESS.

WE part,—yet wherefore should I weep,
 From faithless thing like thee to sever?
 Or let one tear mine eyelids steep,
 While thus I cast thee off for ever?
 I loved thee—need I say how well?
 Few, few have ever loved so dearly;
 As many a sleepless hour can tell,
 And many a vow breath'd too sincerely.

But late, beneath its jetty lash,
 I loved to mark thy blue eyes' splendour,
 Which wont, all witchingly, to flash
 On me its light so soft and tender;
 Now, from that glance I turn away,
 As if its thrilling gaze could wound me;
 Though not, as once, in love's young day,
 When thoughtless passion's fetters bound me.

The dimpling smile, with sweetness fraught,
 The bosom, 'mid its snow, upheaving;
 Who, that had seen them, could have thought
 That things so fair could be deceiving?
 The moon, the sky, the wave, the wind,
 In all their fitful moods of changing,
 Are nought to wavering woman's mind,
 For ever shifting, ever ranging!

Farewell! I'd rather launch my bark
 Upon the angry ocean billow,
 'Mid wintry winds, and tempests dark,
 Than make thy faithless breast my pillow.

Thy broken vow now cannot bind,
Thy streaming tears no more can move me,
And thus I turn from thee, to find
A heart that may more truly love me.

MY SOUL IS EVER WITH THEE.

My soul is ever with thee,
My thoughts are ever with thee,
As the flower to the sun, as the lamb to the lea,
So turns my fond spirit to thee.

'Mid the cares of the lingering day,
When troubles around me be,
Fond Fancy for aye will be flitting away—
Away, my beloved, to thee.

When the night-pall darkly spread
O'er shadows, tower, and tree,
Then the visions of my restless bed
Are all, my beloved, of thee.

When I greet the morning beams,
When the midnight star I see,
Alone—in crowded halls—my dreams—
My dreams are for ever of thee.

As spring to the leafless spray,
As calm to the surging sea,
To the weary, rest—to the watcher, day—
So art thou, loved Mary, to me.

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

DEAR Aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny Graham?

The carle sae pawkie an' slee!

He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,

An' the body has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an owerlay sae clean,

An' ribbon that waved 'boon his bree,

He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,

An' rappit, an' soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minny sae thrang

Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,

An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang,

Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

“Hech, Tibby, lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,

Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,

An' meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,

Gin' ye will look kindly on me.

“Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,

Sax naigies that nibble the lea;

The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i' the pen,

I'se gie a', dear Tibby, to thee.

“An', lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',

An' pearlin's wad dazzle yer e'e;

A mettl'd, but canny young yaud, for the yokin',

When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

“ I’ll hap ye, and fend ye, and busk ye, and tend ye,
 And mak’ ye the licht o’ my e’e ;
 I’ll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear ye,
 As couthy as couthy can be.

“ I’ve lo’ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit bairn,
 Ye ran up the knowe to meet me ;
 An’ deckit my bonnet wi’ blue bells an’ fern,
 Wi’ meikle glad laughin’ an’ glee.

“ An’ noo woman grown, an’ mensefu’, an’ fair,
 An’ gracefu’ as gracefu’ can be—
 Will ye tak’ an’ auld carle wha ne’er had a care
 For woman, dear Tibby, but thee ? ”

Sae, Aunty, ye see I’m a’ in a swither,
 What answer the bodie to gie—
 But aften I wish he wad tak’ my auld mither,
 And let puir young Tibby abee.

JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na’ yer noddle sae hie, ma doo !
 Oh, haud na’ yer noddle sae hie !
 The days that hae been, may be yet again seen,
 Sae look na sae lightly on me, ma doo !
 Sae look na’ sae lightly on me !

Oh, geck na’ at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn !
 Oh, geck na’ at hame hodden gray !
 Yer gutcher an mine wad thocht themsels fine,
 In cleedin’ sae bein, bonnie May, bonnie May—
 In cleedin’ sae bein, bonnie May.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglen, Jean Linn—
 Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
 Your daddy, douce carle, was cotter to mine,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean Linn,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn,
 Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
 An' the moments scour'd by, like birds through the sky,
 When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
 When tentin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
 I twined ye a bower by the burn,
 But dreamt na that hour, as we sat in that bower,
 That fortune wad tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn.
 That fortune wad tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
 Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
 Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
 An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law, Jean Linn,
 An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law.

BONNIE MARY.

WHEN the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
 I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes down;
 I'll row my apron up, an' I'll leave the reeky town,
 And meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.

By the burnie there 's a bower, we will gently lean us
there,

An' forget in ither's arms every earthly care,
For the chiefest o' my joys, in this weary mortal roun',
Is the burnside wi' Mary when the sun gaes down.

When the sun gaes down, &c.

There the ruin'd castle tower on the distant steep
appears,

Like a hoary auld warrior faded with years ;
An' the burnie stealing by wi' a fairy silver soun',
Will soothe us wi' its music when the sun gaes down.

When the sun gaes down, &c.

The burnside is sweet when the dew is on the flower,
But 'tis like a little heaven at the trystin' hour ;
And with pity I would look on the king who wears the
crown,

When wi' thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down.

When the sun gaes down, &c.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes down ;
Come in thy petticoatie, and thy little druggie gown,
And I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes
down.

MRS MARY MACARTHUR.

MRS MARY WAUGH, the widow of Mr James Macarthur, merchant, Glasgow, published in 1842 a duodecimo volume of verses, with the title, "The Necropolis, and other Poems." One of the compositions in that publication, entitled "The Missionary," is inserted in the present work, as being worthy of a place among the productions of the national Muse. In early life Mrs Macarthur lived in the south of Scotland; she has for many years been resident in Glasgow.

 THE MISSIONARY.

HE left his native land, and, far away
 Across the waters sought a world unknown,
 Though well he knew that he in vain might stray
 In search of one so lovely as his own.

He left his home, around whose humble hearth
 His parents, kindred, all he valued, smil'd—
 Friends who had known and loved him from his birth,
 And who still loved him as a fav'rite child.

He left the scenes by youthful hopes endear'd,
 The woods, the streams, that sooth'd his infant ear;
 The plants, the trees that he himself had rear'd,
 And every charm to love and fancy dear.

All these he left, with sad but willing heart,
Though unallur'd by honours, wealth, or fame ;
In them not even his wishes claim'd a part,
And the world knew not of his very name.

Canst thou not guess what taught his steps to stray ?
'Twas love, but not such love as worldlings own,
That often smiles its sweetest to betray,
And stabs the breast that offer'd it a throne !

'Twas love to God, and love to all mankind !
His Master bade the obedient servant go,
And try if he in distant realms could find
Some who His name and saving grace would know.

'Twas this that nerved him when he saw the tears
His aged mother at their parting shed ;
'Twas this that taught her how to calm her fears,
And beg a heavenly blessing on his head.

'Twas this that made his father calmly bear
A godly sorrow, deep, but undismay'd,
And bade him humbly ask of God in prayer,
His virtuous son to counsel, guide, and aid.

And when he rose to bless, and wish him well,
And bent a head with age and sorrow gray—
E'en when he breath'd a fond and last farewell,
Half sad, half joyful, dashed his tears away.

“ And go,” he said, “ though I with mortal eyes
Shall ne'er behold thy filial reverence more ;
But when from earth to heaven our spirits rise,
The Hand that gave him shall my child restore.

“ I bid thee go, though human tears will steal
From eyes that see the course thou hast to run ;
And God forgive me if I wrongly feel,
Like Abraham call'd to sacrifice his son ! ”

And he is gone, with ardent steps he prest
Across the hills to where the vessel lay,
And soon I ween upon the ocean's breast
They saw the white sails bearing him away.

And did he go unfriended, poor, alone ?
Did none of those who, in a favour'd land
The shelter of the gospel tree had known,
Desire to see its peaceful shade expand ?

'Tis not for me to answer questions here—
Let ev'ry heart its own responses give,
And those to whom their fellow-men are dear,
Bestow the bread by which their souls may live !

JOHN RAMSAY.

THE author of "Woodnotes of a Wanderer," John Ramsay, was born at Kilmarnock in 1802. With a limited school education, he was early apprenticed in a carpet manufactory in his native place. He afterwards traded for some years as a retail grocer. During his connexion with the carpet factory, he composed some spirited verses, which were inserted in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*; and having subsequently suffered misfortune in business, he resolved to repair his losses by publishing a collected edition of his poetical writings, and personally pushing the sale. For the long period of fifteen years, he travelled over the country, vending his volume of "Woodnotes." This creditable enterprise has been rewarded by his appointment to the agency of a benevolent society in Edinburgh.

FAREWELL TO CRAUFURDLAND.

THOU dark stream slow wending thy deep rocky way,
By foliage oft hid from the bright eye of day,
I've view'd thee with pleasure, but now must with
 pain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods, whence fond fancy a spirit would bring,
That trimm'd the bright pinions of thought's hallow'd
wing,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain ;
Farewell ! for I never may see you again.

I've roam'd you, unknown to care's life-sapping sigh,
When prospects seem'd fair and my young hopes were
high ;
These prospects were false, and those hopes have proved
vain ;
Farewell ! for I never may see you again.

Soon distance shall bid my reft heart undergo
Those pangs that alone the poor exile can know—
Away ! like a craven why should I complain ?
Farewell ! for I never may see you again.

JAMES PARKER.

JAMES PARKER, author of a duodecimo volume of poetry, entitled "Poems of Past Years," was born in Glasgow, and originally followed the trade of a master baker. He now holds a respectable appointment in the navy. He has contributed verses to the periodicals.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

Oh merrily and gallantly
We sweep across the seas,
Like the wild ocean birds which ply
Their pinions on the breeze ;
We quail not at the tempest's voice
When the billow dashes o'er us,
Firm as a rock, we bear the shock,
And join its dreadful chorus.

Across the foaming surge we glide
With bosoms true and brave,
It is our home—our throne of pride—
It soon may be our grave ;
Yet fearlessly we rush to meet
The foe that comes before us ;
The fight begun, we man the gun,
And join its thundering chorus.

Our lives may be as fierce and free
As the waves o'er which we roam,
But let not landsmen think that we
Forget our native home ;
And when the winds shall waft us back
To the shores from which they bore us,
Amid the throng of mirth and song,
We'll join the jovial chorus.

HER LIP IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

Her lip is o' the rose's hue,
Like links o' goud her hair,
Her e'e is o' the azure blue,
An' love beams ever there ;
Her step is like the mountain goat's
That climbs the stately Ben,
Her voice sweet as the mavis' notes
That haunt her native glen.

There is a sweet wee hazel bower
Where woodbine blossoms twine,
There Jeanie, ae auspicious hour,
Consented to be mine ;
An' there we meet whene'er we hae
An idle hour to spen',
An' Jeanie ne'er has rued the day
She met me in the glen.

Oh bricht, bricht are the evenin' beams,
An' sweet the pearly dew,
An' lovely is the star that gleams
In gloamin's dusky brow;
But brichter, sweeter, lovelier far,
Aboon a' human ken,
Is my sweet pearl—my lovely star—
My Jeanie o' the glen.

JOHN HUNTER.

THE following compositions are, with permission, transcribed from a small volume of juvenile poems, with the title "Miscellanies, by N. R.," which was printed many years ago, for private circulation only, by Mr John Hunter, now auditor of the Court of Session.

THE BOWER O' CLYDE.

On fair Clydeside thair wonnit ane dame,
 Ane dame of wondrous courtesie,
 An' bonny was the kindly flame
 That stremit frae her saft blue e'e.

Her saft blue e'e, 'mid the hinney dew,
 That meltit to its tender licht,
 Was bonnier far than the purest starre
 That sails thro' the dark blue hevin at nicht.

If ony culd luke and safely see
 Her dimplit cheek, and her bonny red mou,
 Nor seek to sip the dew frae her lip,
 A lifeless lump was he, I trow.

But it wuld haif saften'd the dullest wicht,
 If ae moment that wicht might see
 Her bonny breast o' the purest snaw,
 That heavit wi' luvæ sae tenderlie.

An' dear, dear was this bonny dame,
Dear, dear was she to me,
An' my heart was tane, an' my sense was gane.
At ae blink o' her bonny blue e'e.

An' sair an' saft I pleadit my luv,
Tho' still she hardly wuld seem to hear,
An' wuld cauldly blame the words o' flame
That I breathit so warmly in her ear.

Yet aye as she turn'd her frae my look,
Thair was kindness beamin' in her e'e,
An' aye as she drew back her lily han',
I faund that it tremblit tenderlie.

But the time sune cam, the waesome time,
When I maun awa frae my dear,
An' oh! that thocht, how aften it brocht
The deep-heavit sigh an' the cauld bitter tear!

Then socht I my luv, her cauld heart to muve,
Wi' my tears, an' my sighs, an' my prayers,
An' I gaed by her side down the banks o' the Clyde,
An' the hours stal awa unawares.

'Twas a still summer nicht, at the fa'ing o' licht,
At the gloamin's saft an' schadowie hour,
An' we wander'd alane till the daylight was gane,
An' we cam' to a sweet simmer bour.

The mune was up i' the clear blue skye,
The mune an' her single wee starre,
The winds gaed gently whisperin' bye,
Thair was stillness near an' farre.

Alane we sat i' the green summer bour,
 I tauld her a' that was kind and dear,
 An' she did na blame the words o' flame
 That I breathit sae warmly in her ear.

She listenit to the luv-sang warm,
 Her breast it throbbit and heavit high ;
 She culd hear nae mair, but her gentill arm
 She lean't upon mine, wi' a tender sigh.

Then warmly I prest wi' my burning lips,
 Ae kiss on her bonny red mow,
 An' aften I prest her form to my breast,
 An' fondly an' warmly I vowit to be true.

An' oh ! that hour, that hallowit hour,
 My fond heart will never forget ;
 Though drear is the dule I haif suffer'd sin syne,
 That hour gars my heart beat warmly yet.

The parting time cam, an' the parting time past,
 An' it past nae without the saut tear,
 An' awa' to anither an' farre awa' land
 I gaed, an' I left my ain dear.

I gaed, an' though ither and brichter maids
 Wuld smile wi' fond luv i' their e'e,
 I but thocht o' the sweet green bour by the Clyde,
 An' that thocht was enough for me.

MARY.

OH ! Mary, while thy gentle cheek
Is on my breast reclining,
And while these arms around thy form
Are fondly thus entwining ;
It seems as if no earthly power
Our beating hearts could sever,
And that in ecstasy of bliss
We thus could hang for ever !

Yet ah ! too well, too well we know,
The fiat fate hath spoken—
The spell that bound our souls in one,
The world's cold breath hath broken.
The hours—the days—whose heavenly light
Hath beam'd in beauty o'er us,
When Love his sunshine shed around,
And strew'd his flowers before us,

Must now be but as golden dreams,
Whose loveliness hath perish'd ;
Wild dreams of hope, in human hearts
Too heavenly to be cherish'd.
Yet, oh ! where'er our lot is cast,
The love that once hath bound us—
The thought that looks to days long past,
Will breathe a halo round us.

IN DISTANT YEARS.

IN distant years ! when other arms
 Around thy form are prest,
Oh ! heave one fond regretful sigh
 For him thy love once blest !
Oh ! drop one tear from that dark eye,
 That was his guiding light,
And cast the same deep tender glance,
 That thrills his soul to-night.

And oh ! believe, though dark his fate,
 And devious his career,
The music of that gentle voice
 Will tremble in his ear ;
And breathing o'er his troubled soul,
 Storm-tost and tempest riven,
Will still fierce passion's wild control,
 And win him back to Heaven.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, well known for his connexion with the publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh, and as the author of several meritorious works of a national character, was born in 1802 at Peebles, where his parents occupied a respectable position. Robert was the second of a family of six children, his elder brother William being about two years his senior. In consequence of misfortunes in business, James Chambers, the father of these youths, found it desirable to remove to Edinburgh with his family in 1813. While still in childhood Robert manifested a remarkable aptitude for learning, as well as a taste for music and poetry—a taste inherited from his father, who was a good performer on several instruments, and possessed a taste for both literature and science. Before completing his twelfth year, he had passed through a complete classical course at the grammar school of his native burgh, had perused no small portion of the books within his reach, including those of a circulating library, and mastered much of the general information contained in a copy of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” of which his father possessed a copy of the then latest edition. Left very much to their own resources, William became an apprentice to a bookseller in 1814; and Robert, at the age of sixteen, threw himself on the world, as a dealer in old books, a step in accordance with his natural tastes, and which proved fortunate. How the two lads struggled on obscurely, but always improving their circumstances; how they were cheered onward by the counsels of their

widowed mother; how they finally went into partnership for the purpose of prosecuting literary undertakings—need not here be detailed. Robert, in 1822-3, began to write the "Traditions of Edinburgh," which first brought him prominently into notice. This amusing work was followed by the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." Next came his "Picture of Scotland," an interesting topographical work in two volumes; "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions;" three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs;" and "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," in four volumes. Besides various popular works, he produced, for private circulation, a volume of poetical pieces, distinguished for their fine taste and feeling. William having started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in February 1832, Robert became an efficient coadjutor, and mainly helped to give the work its extensive popularity. In the more early volumes, in particular, there appear many admirable essays, humorous and pathetic, from his pen. Besides these professional avocations, Mr Robert Chambers takes part in the proceedings of the scientific and other learned bodies in Edinburgh. Among his latest detached works is a volume, of a geological character, on the "Ancient Sea Margins of Scotland;" also, "Tracings of Iceland," the result of a visit to that interesting island in the summer of 1855. Living respected in Edinburgh, in the bosom of his family, and essentially a self-made man, Mr Robert Chambers is peculiarly distinguished for his kindly disposition and unobtrusive manners—for his enlightened love of country, and diligence in professional labours, uniting, in a singularly happy manner, the man of refined literary taste with the man of business and the useful citizen.

YOUNG RANDAL.

TUNE—*‘There grows a bonnie brier bush.’*

YOUNG RANDAL was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa’,
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa’,
 ’Twas in the sixteen hundred year o’ grace and thritty-
 twa,
 That Randal, the laird’s youngest son, gaed awa’.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father’s tower o’ sweet Willanslee,
 And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha’,
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa’,
 And his bonniecousin Jean, that look’d owre the castle wa’,
 And, mair than a’ the lave, loot the tears down fa’.

“Oh, whan will ye be back,” sae kindly did she speir,
 “Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?”
 “Whenever I can win eneuch o’ Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear.”

Oh, Randal’s hair was coal-black when he gaed awa’—
 Oh, Randal’s cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa’,
 And in his bonnie e’e, a spark glintit high,
 Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alert man whan he came hame—
 A sair alert man was he when he came hame;
 Wi’ a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
 And gray, gray cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outhert, and rispit with the ring,
 And down came a ladye to see him come in,
 And after the ladye came bairns feifteen :

“ Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean ? ”

“ Whatna stoure carl is this,” quo’ the dame,

“ Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae
 lame ? ”

“ Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie
 Graham ? ”

“ In troth,” quo’ the ladye, “ sweet sir, the very same.”

He turned him about wi’ a waefu’ e’e,
 And a heart as sair as sair could be ;
 He lap on his horse, and awa’ did wildly flee,
 And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o’ this countrie,
 And dule on the wars o’ the High Germanie,
 And dule on the love that forgetfu’ can be,
 For they’ve wreck’d the bravest heart in this hale
 countrie.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

WERE I a doughty cavalier
 On fire for high-born dame,
 With sword and lance I would not fear
 To win a warrior’s fame.
 But since no more stern deeds of blood
 The gentle fair may move,
 I’ll woo in softer better mood
 The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
 And plumes that flout the sky,
 I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
 And thoughts that sweep as high.
 For scarf athwart my corslet cast,
 With her fair name y-wove ;
 I'll have her pictured in my breast,
 The ladye that I love.

No crested steed through battle throng
 Shall bear me bravely on,
 But pride shall make my spirit strong,
 Where honours may be won.
 Amidst the great of mind and heart,
 My prowess I will prove,
 And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
 The ladye that I love.

THOU GENTLE AND KIND ONE.

THOU gentle and kind one,
 Who com'st o'er my dreams,
 Like the gales of the west,
 Or the music of streams ;
 Oh, softest and dearest,
 Can that time e'er be,
 When I could be forgetful
 Or scornful of thee ?

No ! my soul might be dark,
 Like a landscape in shade,
 And for thee not the half
 Of its love be display'd,

But one ray of thy kindness
 Would banish my pain,
 And soon kiss every feature
 To brightness again.

And if, in contending
 With men and the world,
 My eye might be fierce,
 Or my brow might be curl'd ;
 That brow on thy bosom
 All smooth'd would recline,
 And that eye melt in kindness
 When turn'd upon thine.

If faithful in sorrow,
 More faithful in joy—
 Thou shouldst find that no change
 Could affection destroy ;
 All profit, all pleasure,
 As nothing would be,
 And each triumph despised
 Unpartaken by thee.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND WARRIORS.

OH, where are the pretty men of yore ?
 Oh, where are the brave men gone ?
 Oh, where are the heroes of the north ?
 Each under his own gray stone.

Oh, where now the broad bright claymore?

Oh, where are the trews and plaid?

Oh, where now the merry Highland heart?

In silence for ever laid.

Och on a rie, och on a rie,

Och on a rie, all are gone;

Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,

Each under his own gray stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,

Macdonald and brave Lochiel,

The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,

With their clansmen true as steel;

Who follow'd and fought with Montrose,

Glencairn, and bold Dundee;

Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,

And would aye rather fa' than flee.

Och on a rie, &c.

The hills that our brave fathers trod

Are now to the stranger a store;

The voice of the pipe and the bard

Shall awaken never more.

Such things it is sad to think on—

They come like the mist by day—

And I wish I had less in this world to leave,

And be with them that are away.

Och on a rie, &c.

THOMAS AIRD.

THOMAS AIRD, one of the most distinguished of the living Scottish poets, was born in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, in 1802. He received the rudiments of his education at Bowden and Melrose parish schools; and went through a course of literary and philosophical study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1827 he published a little treatise, entitled "Religious Characteristics." After a residence of some years in Edinburgh, in the course of which he contributed occasionally to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other periodicals, he was, in 1835, on the recommendation of his steadfast friend Professor Wilson, appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald*, a conservative journal newly started in Dumfries. The paper has prospered under his management, and he is editor still. In 1845 he published "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," a collection of tales and sketches of Scottish scenery, character, and life. In 1848 he collected and published his poems. In 1852 he wrote a memoir of his friend, David Macbeth Moir (the well-known "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*), and prefixed it to an edition of Moir's poems, which he edited for behoof of the poet's family, under the generous instructions of the Messrs Blackwood. In 1856 a new edition of Mr Aird's poems appeared, with many fresh pieces, and the old carefully revised; Messrs Blackwood being the publishers.

THE SWALLOW.

THE little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be ;
How pleasant, through the pleasant sleep, thy early
twitter heard—

Oh, swallow by the lattice ! glad days be thy reward !

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's out for
honey-dew,
And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshopper and
you ;
And mellow shine, o'er days' decline, the sun to light
thee home—
What can molest thy airy nest ? Sleep till the morrow
come.

The river blue, that lapses through the valley, hears
thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dip-
ping wing ;
The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd, in deeper gloom is
seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery
sheen.

The silent power that brings thee back, with leading-
strings of love,
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from
above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our
leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad
thee in our caves.

GENIUS.

EYE of the brain and heart,
 O Genius, inner sight,
 Wonders from thee familiar start,
 In thy decisive light.
 Wide and deep the eye must go,
 The process of our world to know.
 Old mountains grated to the sea,
 Sow the young seed of isles to be.
 States dissolve, that Nature's plan
 May bear the broadening type of man.
 Passes ne'er the Past away ;
 Child of the ages springs to-day.
 Life, death, and life ! but circling change,
 Still working to a higher range !
 Make thee all science, Genius, clear
 Our world ; all Muses, grace and cheer.
 And may the ideal thou hast shewn,
 With joy peculiar be thine own ;
 For thee the starry belts of time,
 The inner laws, the heavenly chime ;
 Thine storm and rack—the forests crack,
 The sea gives up her secrets hoary ;
 And Beauty thine, on loom divine,
 Weaving the rainbow's woof of glory.

Power of the civic heart,
 More than a power to know,
 Genius, incarnated in Art,
 By thee the nations grow.
 Lawgiver thine, and priest, and sage,
 Lit up the Oriental age.

Persuasive groves, and musical,
Of love the illumined mountains all.
Eagles and rods, and axes clear,
Forum and amphitheatre ;
These in thy plastic forming hand,
Forth leapt to life the classic Land.
Old and new, the worlds of light,
Who bridged the gulf of Middle Night?
See the purple passage rise,
Many arch'd of centuries ;
Genius built it long and vast,
And o'er it social knowledge pass'd.
Far in the glad transmitted flame,
Shinar, knit to Britain, came ;
Their state by thee our fathers free,
O Genius, founded deep and wide,
Majestic towers the fabric ours,
And awes the world from side to side.

Mart of the ties of blood,
Mart of the souls of men !
O Christ ! to see thy Brotherhood
Bought to be sold again,
Front of hell, to trade therein.
Genius face the giant sin ;
Shafts of thought, truth-headed clear,
Temper'd all in Pity's tear,
Every point and every tip,
In the blood of Jesus dip ;
Pierce till the monster reel and cry,
Pierce him till he fall and die.
Yet cease not, rest not, onward quell,
Power divine and terrible !

See where yon bastion'd Midnight stands,
On half the sunken central lands;
Shoot! let thy arrow heads of flame
Sing as they pierce the blot of shame,
Till all the dark economies
Become the light of blessed skies.
For this, above in wondering love,
To Genius shall it first be given,
To trace the lines of past designs,
All confluent to the finish'd Heaven.

ROBERT WHITE.

ROBERT WHITE, an indefatigable antiquary, and pleasing writer of lyric poetry, is a native of Roxburghshire. His youth and early manhood were spent at Otterburn, in Redesdale, where his father rented a farm. Possessed of an ardent love of reading, he early became familiar with the English poets, and himself tried metrical composition. While still a young man, he ranked among the poetical contributors to the *Newcastle Magazine*. In 1825 he accepted a situation as clerk to a respectable tradesman in Newcastle, which he retained upwards of twenty years. Latterly he has occupied a post of respectable emolument, and with sufficient leisure for the improvement of his literary tastes.

Besides contributing both in prose and verse to the local journals, and some of the periodicals, Mr White is the author of several publications. In 1829 appeared from his pen "The Tynemouth Nun," an elegantly versified tale; in 1853, "The Wind," a poem; and in 1856, "England," a poem. He has contributed songs to "Whistle Binkie," and "The Book of Scottish Song." At present he has in the press a "History of the Battle of Otterburn," prepared from original sources of information.

MY NATIVE LAND.

FAIR Scotland! dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills ;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills.
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell,
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell—
Thou art my native land.

Loved country, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone—
Thy Wallace brave and bold ;
And Bruce who, for our liberty,
Did England's sway withstand ;
I glory I was born in thee,
Mine own ennobled land !

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquer'd even in death.
Their graves evince, o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
My dear devoted land.

And thou hast ties around my heart,
Attraction deeper still—
The gifted poet's sacred art,
The minstrel's matchless skill.

Yea ; every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touch'd with magic hand
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,
Mine own distinguish'd land !

Oh ! when I wander'd far from thee,
I saw thee in my dreams ;
I mark'd thy forests waving free,
I heard thy rushing streams.
Thy mighty dead in life came forth,
I knew the honour'd band ;
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth—
My high exalted land !

Now if the lonely home be mine
In which my fathers dwelt,
And I can worship at the shrine
Where they in fervour knelt ;
No glare of wealth, or honour high,
Shall lure me from thy strand ;
Oh, I would yield my parting sigh
In thee, my native land !

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

ELIZA fair, the mirth of May
Resounds from glen and tree ;
Yet thy mild voice, I need not say,
Is dearer far to me.

And while I thus a garland cull,
To grace that brow of thine,
My cup of pure delight is full—
A shepherd's life be mine!

Believe me, maid, the means of wealth,
Howe'er profuse they be,
Produce not pleasure that in health
Is shared by you and me!
'Tis when elate with thoughts of joy
We find a heart like thine,
That objects grateful glad the eye—
A shepherd's life be mine!

O mark, Eliza, how the flowers
Around us sweetly spring;
And list how in these woodland bowers
The birds with rapture sing;
Behold that vale whose streamlet clear
Flows on in waving line;
Can Paradise more bright appear?
A shepherd's life be mine!

Now, dearest, not the morning bright,
That dawns o'er hill and lea,
Nor eve, with all its golden light,
Can charm me without thee.
To feel the magic of thy smile—
To catch that glance of thine—
To talk to thee of love the while,
A shepherd's life be mine!

HER I LOVE BEST.

THOU morn full of beauty
That chases the night,
And wakens all Nature
With gladness and light,
When warbles the linnet
Aloof from its nest,
O scatter thy fragrance
Round her I love best!

Ye hills, dark and lofty,
That near her ascend,
If she in her pastime
Across thee shall wend,
Let every lone pathway
In wild flowers be drest,
To welcome the footsteps
Of her I love best!

Thou sun, proudly sailing
O'er depths of the sky,
Dispensing beneath thee
Profusion and joy,
Until in thy splendour
Thou sink'st to the west,
Oh, gaze not too boldly
On her I love best!

Ye wild roving breezes,
I charge you, forbear
To wantonly tangle
The braids of her hair;

Breathe not o'er her rudely,
Nor sigh on her breast,
Nor kiss you the sweet lip
Of her I love best!

Thou evening, that gently
Steals after the day,
To robe with thy shadow
The landscape in gray,
O fan with soft pinion
My dearest to rest!
And calm be the slumber
Of her I love best!

Ye angels of goodness,
That shield us from ill,
The purest of pleasures
Awarding us still,
As near her you hover,
Oh, hear my request!
Pour blessings unnumber'd
On her I love best!

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

FAIR Ellen, here again I stand—
All dangers now are o'er;
No sigh to reach my native land
Shall rend my bosom more.

Ah! oft, beyond the heaving main,
I mourn'd at Fate's decree ;
I wish'd but to be back again
To Scotland and to thee.

O Ellen, how I prized thy love
In foreign lands afar !
Upon my helm I bore thy glove
Through thickest ranks of war :
And as a pledge, in battle-field,
Recall'd thy charms to me ;
I breath'd a prayer behind my shield
For Scotland and for thee.

I scarce can tell how eagerly
My eyes were hither cast,
When, faintly rising o'er the sea,
These hills appear'd at last.
My very breast, as on the shore
I bounded light and free,
Declared by throbs the love I bore
To Scotland and to thee.

Oh, long, long has the doom been mine
In other climes to roam ;
Yet have I seen no form like thine,
No sweeter spot than home ;
Nor ask'd I e'er another heart
To feel alone for me :
O Ellen, never more I'll part
From Scotland and from thee !

THE BONNIE REDESDALE LASSIE.

THE breath o' spring is gratefu',
As mild it sweeps along,
Awakening bud an' blossom
The broomy braes among,
And wafting notes o' gladness
Frae ilka bower and tree ;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is sweeter still to me.

How bright is summer's beauty !
When, smilin' far an' near,
The wildest spots o' nature
Their gayest livery wear ;
And yellow cups an' daisies
Are spread on ilka lea ;
But the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Mair charming is to me.

Oh ! sweet is mellow autumn !
When, wide o'er a' the plain,
Slow waves in rustlin' motion
The heavy-headed grain ;
Or in the sunshine glancin',
And rowin' like the sea ;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is dearer far to me !

As heaven itsel', her bosom
Is free o' fraud or guile ;
What hope o' future pleasure
Is centred in her smile !

I wadna lose for kingdoms
The love-glance o' her e'e ;
Oh! the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is life and a' to me!

THE MOUNTAINEER'S DEATH.

I PRAY for you, of your courtesy, before we further move,
Let me look back and see the place that I so dearly
love.

I am not old in years, yet still, where'er I chanced to
roam,

The strongest impulse of my heart was ever link'd with
home :

There saw I first the light of heaven—there, by a
mother's knee,

In time of infancy and youth, her love supported me :
All that I prize on earth is now my aching sight before,
And glen and brae, and moorland gray, I'll witness never
more.

Beneath yon trees, that o'er the cot their deep'ning sha-
dows fling,

My father first reveal'd to me the exile of our king ;
Upon yon seat beside the door he gave to me his sword,
With charge to draw it only for our just and rightful lord.
And I remember when I went, unfriended and alone,
Amidst a world I never loved—ay! yonder is the stone
At which my mother, bending low, for me did heaven
implore—

Stone, seat and tree are dear to me—I'll see them never
more!

Yon hawthorn bower beside the burn I never shall forget ;
Ah ! there my dear departed maid and I in rapture met :
What tender aspirations we breathed for other's weal !
How glow'd our hearts with sympathy which none but
lovers feel !
And when above our hapless Prince the milk-white flag
was flung,
While hamlet, mountain, rock, and glen with martial
music rung,
We parted there ; from her embrace myself I wildly tore ;
Our hopes were vain—I came again, but found her never
more.

Oh ! thank you for your gentleness — now stay one
minute still ;
There is a lone and quiet spot on yonder rising hill ;
I mark it, and the sight revives emotions strong and
deep—
There, lowly laid, my parents in the dust together sleep.
And must I in a land afar from home and kindred lie ?
Forbid it, heaven ! and hear my prayer—'tis better now
to die !
My limbs grow faint—I fain would rest—my eyes are
darkening o'er ;
Slow flags my breath ; now, this is death—adieu, for
evermore !

WILLIAM CAMERON.

WILLIAM CAMERON was born on the 3d December 1801, in the parish of Dunipace, and county of Stirling. His father was employed successively in woollen factories at Dumfries, Dalmellington, and Dunipace. He subsequently became proprietor of woollen manufactories at Slamannan, Stirlingshire, and at Blackburn and Torphichen, in the county of Linlithgow. While receiving an education with a view to the ministry, the death of his father in 1819 was attended with an alteration in his prospects, and he was induced to accept the appointment of schoolmaster at the village of Arma-dale, parish of Bathgate. In 1836 he resigned this situation, and removed to Glasgow, where he has since prosperously engaged in mercantile concerns. Of the various lyrics which have proceeded from his pen, "Jessie o' the Dell" is an especial favourite. The greater number of his songs, arranged with music, appear in the "Lyric Gems of Scotland," a respectable collection of minstrelsy published in Glasgow.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

O BRIGHT the beaming queen o' night
 Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain, path, and dale.

Short is the way, when light 's the heart
 That 's bound in love's soft spell ;
 Sae I 'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell,
 To Jessie o' the Dell,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell ;
 The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We 've pu'd the primrose on the braes
 Beside my Jessie's cot,
 We 've gather'd nuts, we 've gather'd slaes,
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours danced merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell ;
 As if they join'd in joy wi' me
 And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
 I 'll love her till I dee ;
 For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night in mutual kind embrace,
 Oh, wha our joys may tell ;
 Then I 'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

MEET me on the gowan lea,
 Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary ;
 Meet me on the gowan lea,
 My ain, my artless Mary.

Before the sun sink in the west,
 And nature a' hae gane to rest,
 There to my fond, my faithful breast,
 Oh, let me clasp my Mary.
 Meet me on the gowan lea,
 Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary ;
 Meet me on the gowan lea,
 My ain, my artless Mary.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
 The lintie in the bosky dell,
 Nae blyther than your bonnie sel',
 My ain, my artless Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love notes to the breeze
 That sighs in whispers through the trees,
 And a' that twa fond hearts can please
 Will be our sang, dear Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
 While to my faithfu' bosom prest ;
 Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
 As me and my dear Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

MORAG'S FAIRY GLEN.

YE ken whar yon wee burnie, love,
 Rins roarin' to the sea,
 And tumbles o'er it's rocky bed,
 Like spirit wild and free.

The mellow mavis tunes his lay,
The blackbird swells his note,
And little robin sweetly sings
Above the woody grot.
There meet me, love, by a' unseen,
Beside yon mossy den,
Oh, meet me, love, at dewy eve,
In Morag's fairy glen ;
Oh, meet me, love, at dewy eve,
In Morag's fairy glen.

Come when the sun, in robes of gold,
Sinks o'er yon hills to rest,
An' fragrance floating in the breeze
Comes frae the dewy west.
And I will pu' a garland gay,
To deck thy brow sae fair ;
For many a woodbine cover'd glade
An' sweet wild flower is there.

There 's music in the wild cascade,
There 's love among the trees,
There 's beauty in ilk bank and brae,
An' balm upon the breeze ;
There 's a' of nature and of art,
That maistly weel could be ;
An' oh, my love, when thou art there,
There 's bliss in store for me.

OH! DINNA CROSS THE BURN, WILLIE.

OH! dinna cross the burn, Willie,
 Dinna cross the burn,
 For big 's the spate, and loud it roars ;
 Oh, dinna cross the burn.
 Your folks a' ken you 're here the nicht,
 And sair they wad you blame ;
 Sae bide wi' me till mornin' licht—
 Indeed, you 're no gaun hame.
 The thunder-storm howls in the glen,
 The burn is rising fast ;
 Bide only twa-three hours, and then
 The storm 'll a' be past.
 Oh, dinna cross, &c.

Then bide, dear Willie, here the nicht,
 Oh, bide till mornin' here ;
 My faither, he 'll see a' things richt,
 And ye 'll hae nocht to fear.
 See, dark 's the lift, no moon is there,
 The rains in torrents pour ;
 And see the lightning's dreadful glare,
 Hear how the thunders roar !
 Oh, dinna cross, &c.

Away he rode, no kind words could
 His mad resolve o'erturn ;
 He plunged into the foaming flood,
 But never cross'd the burn !
 And now though ten long years have pass'd
 Since that wild storm blew by—
 Oh! still the maniac hears the blast,
 And still her crazy cry,
 Oh, dinna cross, &c.

ALEXANDER TAIT.

ALEXANDER TAIT is a native of Peebles. Abandoning in 1829 the occupation of a cotton-weaver, he has since been engaged in the work of tuition. He has taught successively in the parishes of Lasswade, Tweedsmuir, Meggat, Pennycuick, Yarrow, and Peebles. To the public journals, both in prose and verse, he has been an extensive contributor.

E'ENING'S DEWY HOUR.

AIR—' *Roslin Castle.*'

WHEN rosy day, far in the west, has vanish'd frae the
 scene,
 And gloamin' spreads her mantle gray owre lake and
 mountain green;
 When yet the darklin' shades o' mirk but haflens seem
 to lower,
 How dear to love and beauty is the e'ening's dewy hour!

When down the burnie's wimpling course, amid the hazel
 shade,
 The robin chants his vesper sang, the cushat seeks the
 glade;
 When bats their drowsy vigils wheel round eldrich tree
 and tower,
 Be 't mine to meet the lass I lo'e at e'ening's dewy hour!

When owre the flower-bespangled sward the flocks have
ceased to stray,
And maukin steals across the lawn beneath the twilight
gray ;
Then, oh ! how dear, frae men apart, in glen or wood-
land bower,
To meet the lass we dearly lo'e at e'ening's dewy hour!

The ruddy morn has charms enow, when, from the
glowin' sky,
The sun on rival beauties smiles wi' gladness in his eye ;
But, oh ! the softer shaded scene has magic in its power,
Which cheers the youthful lover's heart at e'ening's
dewy hour !

CHARLES FLEMING.

A HANDLOOM weaver in Paisley, of which place he is a native, Charles Fleming has, from early youth, devoted his leisure hours to the pursuits of elegant literature. He has long been a contributor to the public journals.

WATTY M'NEIL.

WHEN others are boasting 'bout fetes and parades,
 Whar silken hose shine, and glitter cockades,
 In the low-thatched cot mair pleasure I feel
 To discourse wi' the aul'-farint Watty M'Neil.

The gentles may hoot, and slip by his door;
 His mien it is simple, his haudin' is poor:
 Aft fashion encircles a heart no sae leal—
 Far, far will ye ride for a Watty M'Neil.

His welcome is touching, yet nought o' the faun—
 A warmth is express'd in the shake o' his han';
 His cog and his bed, or ought in his biel,
 The lonely will share frae kind Watty M'Neil.

He kens a' 'bout Scotland, its friends and its foes,
How Leslie did triumph o'er gallant Montrose ;
And the Covenant's banner ower Philiphaugh's fiel'
Waved glorious—'twas noble, says Watty M'Neil.

Then gang and see Watty ere laid in the mools,
He's a help to the wise folk, a lesson to fools ;
Contentment and innocence mingle sae weel
Mid the braw lyart haffits o' Watty M'Neil.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

THE author of several esteemed and popular songs, William Ferguson, follows the avocation of a master plumber in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh. Born within the shadow of the Pentlands, near the scene of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," he has written verses from his youth. He has contributed copiously to "Whistle Binkie," and "The Book of Scottish Song."

I 'LL TEND THY BOWER, MY BONNIE MAY.

I 'LL tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 In spring time o' the year;
 When saft'ning winds begin to woo
 The primrose to appear;
 When daffodils' begin to dance,
 And streams again flow free;
 And little birds are heard to pipe,
 On the sprouting forest tree.

I 'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When summer days are lang,
 When nature's heart is big wi' joy,
 Her voice laden wi' sang;

When shepherds pipe on sunny braes,
 And flocks roam at their will,
 And auld and young, in cot an' ha',
 O' pleasure drink their fill.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When autumn's yellow fields,
 That wave like seas o' gowd, before
 The glancin' sickle yields;
 When ilka bough is bent wi' fruit—
 A glorious sight to see!—
 And showers o' leaves, red, rustling, sweep
 Out owre the withering lea.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When, through the naked trees,
 Cauld, shivering on the bare hill-side,
 Sweeps wild the frosty breeze;
 When tempests roar, and billows rise,
 Till nature quakes wi' fear,
 And on the land, and on the sea,
 Wild winter rules the year.

WOOING SONG.

THE spring comes back to woo the earth,
 Wi' a' a lover's speed;
 The wee birds woo their lovin' mates,
 Around our very head!
 But I've nae skill in lover-craft—
 For till I met wi' you,
 I never sought a maiden's love,
 I never tried to woo.

I've gazed on many a comely face,
And thought it sweet an' fair;
But wi' the face the charm would flee,
And never move me mair.
But miles away, your bonnie face
Is ever in my view,
Wi' a' its charms, half wilin' me,
Half daurin' me to woo.

At hame, a-field, you're a' my theme;
I doat my time away;
I dream o'er a' your charms by night,
And worship them by day.
But when they glad my langin' e'en,
As they are gladden'd now,
My courage flees like frighted bird;
I daurna mint to woo.

My head thus lying on your lap,
Your hand aneath my cheek;
Love stounds my bosom through and through,
But yet I canna speak.
My coward heart wi' happiness,
Wi' bliss is brimin' fu';
But, oh! its fu'ness mars my tongue,
I haena power to woo.

I prize your smile, as husbandman
The summer's opening bloom,
And could you frown, I dread it mair,
Than he the autumn's gloom.
My life hangs on that sweet, sweet lip,
On that calm, sunny brow;
And, oh! my dead hangs on them baith,
Unless you let me woo.

Oh! lift me to your bosom, then,
 Lay your warm cheek to mine;
 And let me round that lovesome waist
 My arms enraptured twine;
 That I may breathe my very soul,
 In ae lang lovin' vow;
 And a' the while in whispers low,
 You'll learn me, love, to woo!

I'M WANDERING WIDE.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
 But yet my heart's at hame,
 Fu' cozie by my ain fire-cheek,
 Beside my winsome dame.
 The weary winds howl lang an' loud;
 But 'mid their howling drear,
 Words sweeter far than honey blabs
 Fa' saftly on my ear.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
 I'm wand'ring wide an' far;
 But love, to guide me back again,
 Lights up a kindly star.
 The lift glooms black aboon my head,
 Nae friendly blink I see;
 But let it gloom—twa bonnie e'en
 Glance bright to gladden me.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
 I'm wand'ring wide and late,
 And ridgy wreaths afore me rise,
 As if to bar my gate;

Around me swirls the sleety drift,
The frost bites dour an' keen ;
But breathings warm, frae lovin' lips,
Come ilka gust atween.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide an' wild,
Alang a steep and eerie track,
Where hills on hills are piled ;
The torrent roars in wrath below,
The tempest roars aboon ;
But fancy broods on brighter scenes,
And soughs a cheerin' tune.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night,
I'm wand'ring wide my lane,
And mony a langsome, lanesome mile,
I'll measure e'er it's gane ;
But lanesome roads or langsome miles,
Can never daunt me,
When I think on the welcome warm
That waits me, love, frae thee.

THOMAS DICK.

A NATIVE of Paisley, Thomas Dick was originally engaged as a weaver in that town. He afterwards became a bookseller, and has since been employed in teaching and other avocations. He is the author of a number of songs which appear in "Whistle Binkie," and "The Book of Scottish Song;" and also of several tales which have been published separately, and in various periodicals.

HOW EARLY I WOO'D THEE.

AIR—*Neil Gow's Lament for his Brother.*

How early I woo'd thee, how dearly I lo'ed thee;
 How sweet was thy voice, how enchanting thy smile;
 The joy 'twas to see thee, the bliss to be wi' thee,
 I mind, but to feel now their power to beguile.
 I gazed on thy beauty, and a' things about thee,
 Seem'd too fair for earth, as I bent at thy shrine;
 But fortune and fashion, mair powerfu' than passion,
 Could alter the bosom that seem'd sae divine!

Another may praise thee, may fondle and fraize thee;
 And win thee wi' words, when his heart's far awa';
 But, oh, when sincerest, when warmest, and dearest,
 His vows—will my truth be forgot by thee a'?
 'Midst pleasure and splendour thy fancy may wander,
 But moments o' solitude ilk ane maun dree;
 Then feeling will find thee, and mem'ry remind thee,
 O' him wha through life gaes heart-broken for thee.

HUGH MILLER.

THE celebrated geologist, and editor of the *Witness* newspaper, Hugh Miller, was born at Cromarty on the 10th October 1802. In his fifth year he had the misfortune to lose his father, who, being the captain of a small trading vessel, perished in a storm at sea. His widowed mother was aided by two industrious unmarried brothers in providing for her family, consisting of two daughters, and the subject of this Memoir. With a rudimentary training in a private school, taught by a female, he became a pupil in the grammar school. Perceiving his strong aptitude for learning, and vigorous native talent, his maternal uncles strongly urged him to study for one of the liberal professions; but, diffident of success in more ambitious walks, he resolved to follow the steps of his progenitors in a life of manual labour. In his sixteenth year he apprenticed himself to a stonemason. The profession thus chosen proved the pathway to his future eminence; for it was while engaged as an operative stone-hewer in the old red sandstone quarries of Cromarty, that he achieved those discoveries in that formation which fixed a new epoch in geological science. Poetical composition in evening hours relieved the toils of labour, and varied the routine of geological inquiry. In the prosecution of an ornamental branch of his profession—that of cutting and lettering gravestones—he in 1828 proceeded to Inverness. Obtaining the friendship of Mr Robert Carruthers, the ingenious editor of the *Inverness Courier*, the columns of that journal were adorned by his poetical contributions. In

1829 these were issued from the *Courier* office, in a duodecimo volume, with the title, "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason." By the press the work was received with general favour; and the author, in evidence that his powers as a prose-writer were not inferior to his efforts as a poet, soon re-appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, as the contributor of various letters on the Northern Fisheries. These letters proved so attractive that their republication in the form of a pamphlet was forthwith demanded.

The merits of the Cromarty stone-mason began to attract some general attention. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who had an occasional residence in Morayshire, afforded him patronage; and the venerable Principal Baird of Edinburgh, to whom he was introduced, recommended him to quit the mallet, and seek literary employment in the capital. Such gratifying encouragement and friendly counsel, though not immediately acted upon, were not without advantage in stimulating his enterprise. Before relinquishing, however, a craft at which he could at least earn a sufficiency for his immediate wants, he resolved to test his capabilities as a writer by a further literary attempt.

Cromarty and its vicinity abounded in legends of curious interest, respecting the times of religious persecutions, and of the rebellions in the cause of the Stuarts, and these Miller had carefully stored up from the recitations of the aged. The pen of Scott had imparted a deep interest to the traditions of other localities; and it seemed not unlikely that the legends of Cromarty, well told, would attract some share of attention. Success attended this further adventure, proportioned to its unquestionable merit—the "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," which emanated from the publishing

house of the Messrs Black of Edinburgh, confirmed and widely extended the reputation of the author.

From handling the workman's tools, a sudden transition to the constant use of the pen of the *litterateur* is, under the most favourable circumstances, not to be desired. It was the lot of Hugh Miller to engage in an intermediate employment, and to acquire, in a manner peculiarly appropriate, that knowledge of business, and acquaintance with the transactions of life, which are so necessary to those who, through the medium of the press, seek to direct public opinion. Shortly after the publication of his "Scenes and Legends," a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened at Cromarty, and the accountantship was offered to him by the agent. Entering on the duties, after a short preliminary training in the Bank's offices at Edinburgh and Linlithgow, he subsequently added to his domestic comfort by uniting himself in marriage with Miss Lydia Fraser, a young lady of literary tastes, to whom he had for some time borne an attachment. His official emoluments amounted to nearly a hundred pounds a-year; these were considerably augmented by his contributing legendary tales for *The Tales of the Border*, and writing occasional articles to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*. The *veto* controversy was now extensively agitating the Established Church, and, having long supported the popular view, he at length resolved to come forward more conspicuously as the advocate of what he strongly regarded as the rights of the people. He embodied his sentiments in the shape of a letter to Lord Brougham, and, having transmitted his MS. to Mr Robert Paul, the manager of the Commercial Bank, it was by that gentleman submitted to Dr Candlish. Perceiving the consummate ability of the writer, that able divine not only urged the publication of his letter, but

recommended his immediate nomination as the editor of the *Witness* newspaper, which had just been projected by some of the Edinburgh clergy. The offer of the editorship was accordingly made, and, being accepted, the first number of the newspaper was, early in 1840, issued under his superintendence.

As a controversial writer, and the able exponent of his peculiar views of ecclesiastical polity, Hugh Miller at once attained a first rank among contemporary editors. Many persons who were unconcerned about the Scottish Church question, or by whom his sentiments on that subject were disapproved, could not withhold an expressed admiration of the singular power with which his views were supported, and of the classic style in which they were conveyed. For some years prior to undertaking the editorship, he had devoted much of his spare time to the preparation of a geological work; and he now, in the columns of his newspaper, in a series of chapters, presented to the public that valuable contribution to geological science, since so well known as his work on "The Old Red Sandstone." To the scientific world, by opening up the fossil treasures of a formation hitherto understood to be peculiarly destitute of organic remains, this publication claimed an especial interest, which was enhanced by the elegance of the diction. His subsequent publications fully sustained his fame. A work on the physical and social aspects of the sister kingdom, entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," was followed by "The Footprints of the Creator," the latter being a powerful reply to the work entitled "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." In 1854 he published a most interesting narrative of his early struggles and experiences, with the title, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." "The Testimony of the

Rocks," a work on which he bestowed intense labour, and which may be regarded as his masterpiece, was published in March 1857, about three months subsequent to his demise; but all the sheets had undergone his final revision.

For some years his health had been declining; in early manhood he suffered severely from a pulmonary affection, known as the "mason's disease," and he never thoroughly recovered. A singular apprehension of personal danger, inconsistent with the general manliness of his character, induced him for many years never to go abroad without fire-arms. He studied with pertinacious constancy, seldom enjoying the salutary relaxations of society. He complained latterly that his sleep was distracted by unpleasant dreams, while he was otherwise a prey to painful delusions. The eye of affection discovered that the system had been overtaxed; but eminent medical counsel deemed that cessation from literary toil would produce an effectual cure. The case was much more serious; a noble intellect was on the very brink of ruin. On the night of the 24th December 1856, he retired to rest sooner than was his usual, as the physician had prescribed. With redoubled vehemence he had experienced the distractions of disordered reason; he rose in a frenzy from his bed, and, having written a short affectionate letter to his wife, pointed his revolver pistol to his breast. He fired in the region of the heart, and his death must have been instantaneous. The melancholy event took place in his residence of Shrub Mount, Portobello, and his remains now rest in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. As a geologist it is not our province to pronounce his eulogy; he was one of the most elegant and powerful prose-writers of the century, and he has some claims, as the follow-

ing specimens attest, to a place among the national poets.

SISTER JEANIE, HASTE, WE'LL GO.*

SISTER JEANIE, haste, we'll go
 To where the white-starr'd gowans grow,
 Wi' the puddock-flower, o' gowden hue,
 The snawdrap white, and the bonnie vi'let blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
 To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,
 To where the pine-tree, dark an' high,
 Is pointing its tap at the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
 Is sung in the young-leaved woods to-day ;
 Flits on light wing the dragon-flee,
 And hums on the flowerie the big red bee.

Down the burnie wirks its way
 Aneath the bending birken spray,
 An' wimples roun' the green moss-stane,
 An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie, come ! thy days o' play
 Wi' autumn tide shall pass away ;
 Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
 Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

* These verses were composed when the author was suffering from a severe pulmonary complaint which he feared would bring him to an early grave. They were addressed to his sister, a girl of five years, who at this period was his companion in his walks.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
 An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
 An' though, through many a cloudless day,
 My winsome Jean shall be heartsome and gay;

He wha grasps thy little hand
 Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
 Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
 Lead thee the lounnest an' the bonniest way.

Dost thou see yon yard sae green,
 Speckled wi' mony a mossy stane?
 A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,
 An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brother lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile
 May chide thy joy an' damp thy smile;
 But soon ilk grief shall wear awa',
 And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad;
 Life vex'd me aft, but this maks glad;
 When cauld my heart and closed my e'e,
 Bonnie shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

OH, SOFTLY SIGHS THE WESTLIN' BREEZE.

OH, softly sighs the westlin' breeze
 Through floweries pearl'd wi' dew;
 An' brightly lemes the gowden sky,
 That skirts the mountain blue.

An' sweet the birken trees amang,
 Swells many a blithesome lay ;
 An' loud the bratlin burnie's voice
 Comes soundin' up the brae.

But, ah ! nae mair the sweets o' spring
 Can glad my wearied e'e ;
 Nae mair the summer's op'ning bloom
 Gies ought o' joy to me.
 Dark, dark to me the pearly flowers,
 An' sad the mavis sang,
 An' little heart hae I to roam
 These leafy groves amang.

She's gane ! she's gane ! the loveliest maid !
 An' wae o'erpress'd I pine ;
 The grass waves o'er my Myra's grave !
 Ah ! ance I ca'd her mine.
 What ither choice does fate afford,
 Than just to mourn and dee,
 Sin' gane the star that cheer'd my sky,
 The beam that bless'd my e'e ?

At gloamin' hour along the burn,
 Alane she lo'ed to stray,
 To pu' the rose o' crimson bloom,
 An' haw-flower purple gray.
 Their siller leaves the willows waved
 As pass'd that maiden by ;
 An' sweeter burst the burdies' sang
 Frae poplar straight an' high.

Fu' aften have I watch'd at e'en
 These birken trees amang,
 To bless the bonnie face that turn'd
 To where the mavis sang ;

An' aft I've cross'd that grassy path,
To catch my Myra's e'e ;
Oh, soon this winding dell became
A blissful haunt to me.

Nae mair a wasting form within,
A wretched heart I bore ;
Nae mair unkent, unloved, and lone,
The warl' I wander'd o'er.
Not then like now my life was wae,
Not then this heart repined,
Nor aught of coming ill I thought,
Nor sigh'd to look behind.

Cheer'd by gay hope's enliv'ning ray,
An' warm'd wi' minstrel fire,
Th' expected meed that maiden's smile,
I strung my rustic lyre.
That lyre a pitying Muse had given
To me, for, wrought wi' toil,
She bade, wi' its simple tones,
The weary hours beguile.

Lang had it been my secret pride,
Though nane its strains might hear ;
For ne'er till then trembled its chords
To woo a list'ning ear.
The forest echoes to its voice
Fu' sad, had aft complain'd,
Whan, mingling wi' its wayward strain,
Murmur'd the midnight wind.

Harsh were its tones, yet Myra praised
The wild and artless strain ;
In pride I strung my lyre anew,
An' waked its chords again.

The sound was sad, the sparkling tear
Arose in Myra's e'e,
An' mair I lo'ed that artless drap,
Than a' the warl' could gie.

To wean the heart frae warldly grief,
Frae warldly moil an' care,
Could maiden smile a lovelier smile,
Or drap a tend'rer tear?
But now she 's gane,—dark, dark an' drear,
Her lang, lang sleep maun be;
But, ah! mair drear the years o' life
That still remain to me!

Whan o'er the raging ocean wave
The gloom o' night is spread,
If lemes the twinkling beacon-light,
The sailor's heart is glad;
In hope he steers, but, 'mid the storm,
If sinks the waning ray,
Dees a' that hope, an' fails his saul,
O'erpress'd wi' loads o' wae.

ALEXANDER MACANSH.

THE author of "The Social Curse, and other Poems," Alexander Macansh, was born at Dunfermline in 1803. At the age of eleven apprenticed to a flaxdresser, he followed this occupation during a period of thirty-eight years, of which the greater portion was spent in Harribræ factory, in his native town. During the intervals of his occupation, which demanded his attention about fourteen hours daily, he contrived to become familiar with British and continental authors, and with the more esteemed Latin classics. He likewise formed an intimate acquaintance with mathematical science. Of decided poetical tastes, he contributed verses to *Tait's Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and the *Scotsman* newspaper. In 1850, he published, by subscription, his volume of poems, entitled "The Social Curse, and other Poems," which has secured him a local reputation. Continuing to reside in Dunfermline, he has, for several years, possessed a literary connexion with some of the provincial newspapers, and has delivered lectures on science to the district institutions. To Mr Joseph Paton, of Dunfermline, so well known for his antiquarian pursuits, he has been indebted for generous support and kindly encouragement. Mr Macansh labours under severe physical debility.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE mother, with her blooming child,
Sat by the river pool,
Deep in whose waters lay the sky,
So stilly beautiful.
She held her babe aloft, to see
Its infant image look
Up joyous, laughing, leaping from
The bosom of the brook.

And as it gazed upon the stream,
The wondering infant smiled,
And stretched its little hands, and tried
To clasp the shadow'd child,
Which, in that silent underwold,
With eager gesture strove
To meet it with a brother-kiss,
A brother-clasp of love.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child,
('Twas thus the mother sung ;)
The shrew, Experience, has not yet
With envious gesture flung
Aside the enchanted veil which hides
Life's pale and dreary look ;
An angel lurks in every stream,
A heaven in every brook.

Laugh on, laugh on, my happy child,
Ere drop the tears of woe
Upon that mirror, scattering all
Those glorious shapes, and show

A fleeting shadow, which thou think'st
 An angel, breathing, living—
 A shallow pebbly brook which thou
 Hast fondly deem'd a heaven.

CHANGE.

CHANGE! change! the mournful story
 Of all that 's been before ;
 The wrecks of perish'd glory
 Bestrewing every shore :
 The shatter'd tower and palace,
 In every vale and glen,
 In broken language tell us
 Of the fleeting power of men.

Change! change! the plough is sweeping
 O'er some scene of household mirth,
 The sickle hand is reaping
 O'er some ancient rural hearth—
 Where the mother and the daughter
 In the evenings used to spin,
 And where little feet went patter,
 Full often out and in.

Change! change! for all things human,
 Thrones, powers of amplest wing,
 Have their flight, and fall in common
 With the meanest mortal thing—
 With beauty, love, and passion,
 With all of earthly trust,
 With life's tiniest wavelet dashing,
 Curling, breaking into dust.

Where arose in marble grandeur
 The wall'd cities of the past,
 The sullen winds now wander
 O'er a ruin-mounded waste.
 Low lies each lofty column ;
 The owl in silence wings
 O'er floors, where, slow and solemn,
 Paced the sandal'd feet of kings.

Still change! Go thou and view it,
 All desolately sunk,
 The circle of the Druid,
 The cloister of the monk ;
 The abbey boled and squalid,
 With its bush-maned, staggering wall ;
 Ask by whom these were unhallow'd—
 Change, change hath done it all.

THE TOMB OF THE BRUCE.

YON old temple pile, where the moon dimly flashes
 O'er gray roof, tall window, sloped buttress, and base,
 O'erarches the ashes, the now silent ashes,
 Of the noblest, the bravest, of Scotia's race.
 How hallow'd yon spot where a hero is lying,
 Embalm'd in the holiness worship bedews,
 The lamb watching over the sleep of the lion,
 Religion enthroned on the tomb of the Bruce !

Far other and fiercer the moments that crown'd him,
 Than those that now creep o'er yon old temple pile,
 And sterner the music that storm'd around him,
 Than the anthem that peals through the long-sound-
 ing aisle,

When his bugle's fierce tones with the war-hum was
blending,
And, with claymores engirdled, and banners all loose,
His rough-footed warriors, to battle descending,
Peal'd up to the heavens the war-cry of Bruce.

I hear him again, with deep voice proclaiming—
Let our country be free, or with freedom expire ;
I see him again, with his great sword o'erflaming
The plume-nodding field, like a banner of fire.
Still onward it blazes, that red constellation,
In its passage no pause, to its flashing no truce :
Oh, the pillar of glory that led forth our nation
From shackles and chains, was the sword of the Bruce.

But now he is sleeping in darkness ; the thunder
Of battle to him is now silent and o'er,
And the sword, that, like threads, sever'd shackles
asunder,
Shall gleam in the vanguard of Scotland no more.
Yet, oh, though his banner for ever be furled,
Though his great sword be rusted and red with disuse,
Can freemen, when tyrants would handcuff the world—
Can freemen be mute at the Tomb of the Bruce ?

JAMES PRINGLE.

JAMES PRINGLE was born in the parish of Collessie, Fifeshire, on the 11th December 1803. At the parochial school of Kettle having received an ordinary education, he was in his seventeenth year apprenticed to a mill-wright. For many years he has prosecuted this occupation in the district of his nativity. His present residence is in the Den of Lindores, in the parish of Abdie. From his youth he has cherished an enthusiastic love of poetry, and composed verses. In 1853, he published a duodecimo volume, entitled "Poems and Songs on Various Subjects."

THE PLOUGHMAN.

BLITHE be the mind of the ploughman,
 Unruffled by passion or guile;
 And fair be the face of the woman
 Who blesses his love with a smile.

His clothing, though russet and homely,
 With royalty's robe may compare;
 His cottage, though simple, is comely,
 For peace and contentment are there.

Let monarchs exult in their splendour,
 When courtiers obsequiously bow;
 But are not their greatness and grandeur
 Sustain'd by the toils of the plough?

The soldier may glory discover
In havock which warfare hath made;
For the shout of his fame rises over
The vanquish'd, the bleeding, the dead.

Though pride, in her trappings so dainty,
May sneer with contemptuous air;
Fertility, pleasure, and plenty,
Still follow the track of the share.

And long may the heart of the ploughman
In virtue and vigour beat high;
His calling, though simple and common,
Our wants and our comforts supply.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, an accomplished biographical and genealogical writer, and author of "Landscape Lyrics," a volume of descriptive poetry, was born at Edinburgh on the 10th December 1805. His father, James Anderson, supervisor of Excise at Oban, Argyleshire, died there in 1812. His mother was the daughter of John Williams, author of "The Mineral Kingdom," a work much valued by geologists. His brother, Mr John Anderson, surgeon, Royal Lanarkshire Militia, was the author of the "Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton."

Mr Anderson received his education at Edinburgh, and in 1820 was apprenticed to a merchant in Leith; but not liking the employment, he was afterwards placed in the office of a writer in Edinburgh, with the view of studying the law. Having a strong bent towards literature, he began to write poetry, and in 1828 became a regular contributor to the press. In 1830 he published a volume of poems designated, "Poetical Aspirations," and soon after issued a thin volume of prose and verse, entitled, "Odd Sketches." Proceeding to London in 1831, he formed the acquaintance of Maginn, Allan Cunningham, and other eminent men of letters. Towards the close of that year he joined the *Aberdeen Journal*, and in 1835 edited for a short time the *Advertiser*, another newspaper published in that city. He returned to London in 1836, and resided there for several years, contributing to different periodicals. His "Landscape Lyrics" appeared in 1839, in a quarto volume.

In 1840 he commenced writing the lives of distinguished Scotsmen, and the result of his researches appeared in 1842, in a valuable work, entitled, "The Popular Scottish Biography." Previous to the appearance of this volume, he published at London, "The Gift for All Seasons," an annual, which contained contributions from Campbell, Sheridan Knowles, the Countess of Blessington, Miss Pardoe, and other writers of reputation. In 1842 he returned to Scotland, to edit *The Western Watchman*, a weekly journal published at Ayr. In 1844 he became connected with the *Witness* newspaper; but in the following year removed to Glasgow, to assist in the establishment of the first Scottish daily newspaper. With that journal, the *Daily Mail*, he continued two years, till severe nocturnal labour much affecting his health, obliged him temporarily to abandon literary pursuits. He has been a contributor to *Tait's Magazine*, and was intrusted with the literary superintendence of Major De Renzy's "Poetical Illustrations and Achievements of the Duke of Wellington," a work to which he contributed several poems. He has edited Lord Byron's works, in two octavo volumes, with numerous notes, and a copious Memoir of the poet. Besides a number of smaller works, he is the editor of five volumes, forming a series, entitled, "Treasury of Discovery, Enterprise, and Adventure;" "Treasury of the Animal World;" "Treasury of Ceremonies, Manners, and Customs;" "Treasury of Nature, Science, and Art;" and "Treasury of History and Biography." "The Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Franklin, with illustrations, intended for children, appeared in 1855. He contributed the greater number of the biographical notices of Scotsmen inserted in "The Men of the Time" for 1856. A large and important national work,

devoted to the biography, history, and antiquities of Scotland, has engaged his attention for some years, and is in a forward state for publication.

As a writer of verses, Mr Anderson is possessed of considerable power of fancy, and a correct taste. His song, beginning "I'm naebody noo," has been translated into the German language.

WOODLAND SONG.

WILL you go to the woodlands with me, with me,
Will you go to the woodlands with me—
When the sun 's on the hill, and all nature is still,
Save the sound of the far dashing sea?

For I love to lie lone on the hill, on the hill,
I love to lie lone on the hill,
When earth, sea, and sky, in loveliness vie,
And all nature around me is still.

Then my fancy is ever awake, awake,
My fancy is never asleep ;
Like a bird on the wing, like a swan on the lake,
Like a ship far away on the deep.

And I love 'neath the green boughs to lie, to lie ;
I love 'neath the green boughs to lie ;
And see far above, like the smiling of love,
A glimpse now and then of the sky.

When the hum of the forest I hear, I hear,
 When the hum of the forest I hear,—
 'Tis solitude's prayer, pure devotion is there,
 And its breathings I ever revere.

I kneel myself down on the sod, the sod,
 I kneel myself down on the sod,
 'Mong the flowers and wild heath, and an orison breathe
 In lowliness up to my God.

Then peace doth descend on my mind, my mind,
 Then peace doth deseend on my mind ;
 And I gain greater scope to my spirit and hope,
 For both then become more refined.

Oh ! whatever my fate chance to-be, to be,
 My spirit shall never repine,
 If a stroll on the hill, if a glimpse of the sea,
 If the hum of the forest be mine.

THE WELLS O' WEARY.

Down in the valley lone,
 Far in the wild wood,
 Bubble forth springs, each one
 Weeping like childhood ;
 Bright on their rushy banks,
 Like joys among sadness,
 Little flowers bloom in ranks—
 Glimpses of gladness.

Sweet 'tis to wander forth,
 Like pilgrims at even ;
 Lifting our souls from earth
 To fix them on Heaven ;
 Then in our transport deep,
 This world forsaking :
 Sleeping as angels sleep,
 Mortals awaking !

I'M NAEBODY NOO.

I'm naebody noo ; though in days that are gane,
 When I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
 Ther war' mony to flatter, and mony to praise—
 And wha but mysel' was sae prood in those days !

Ah ! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
 Wha laugh'd at my joke, and applauded my sang,
 Though the tane had nae point, and the tither nae glee ;
 But, of coorse, they war' grand when comin' frae me !

Whan I'd plenty to gie, o' my cheer and my crack,
 Ther war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak' ;
 But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
 I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel' !

Whan I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to proffer ;
 And noo whan I want it, I ne'er get the offer ;
 I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decrease,
 In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gie,
 I thought a' the time was intended for me ;
 But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
 Their friendship, like it, also flicker'd awa'.

My advice ance was sought for by folks far and near,
 Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear ;
 I 'm as weel able yet to gie counsel, that 's true,
 But I may jist haud my wheesht, for I 'm naebody noo.

I CANNA SLEEP.

I CANNA sleep a wink, lassie,
 When I gang to bed at night,
 But still o' thee I think, lassie,
 Till morning sheds its light.
 I lie an' think o' thee, lassie,
 And I toss frae side to side,
 Like a vessel on the sea, lassie,
 When stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie,
 It winna bide wi' me ;
 Like a birdie it has gane, lassie,
 To nestle saft wi' thee.
 I canna lure it back, lassie,
 Sae keep it to yoursel' ;
 But oh ! it sune will break, lassie,
 If you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie,
The spirit lingers there ;
An' mine has fled away, lassie—
You needna ask me where.
I marvel oft if rest, lassie,
On my eyes and heart would bide,
If I thy troth possess'd, lassie,
And thou wert at my side.

WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON, D.D., LL.D.

AN accomplished theologian and historical writer, William Hetherington was born on the Galloway side of the valley of the Nith, about the year 1805. With an average education at the parish school, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he speedily acquired distinction. Amidst studies of a severer nature, he found relaxation in the composition of verses, celebrating the national manners and the interesting scenes of his nativity. These appeared in 1829, in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland." Having obtained licence as a probationer of the Established Church, he was in 1836 ordained to the ministerial charge of the parish of Torphichen in the Presbytery of Linlithgow. He joined the Free Church in 1843, and was afterwards translated to St Andrews. In 1848 he became minister of Free St Paul's Church, Edinburgh.

Besides his poetical work, Dr Hetherington has published, "The Fulness of Time," "History of the Church of Scotland," "The Minister's Family," and several separate lectures on different subjects. He was, during the first four years of its existence, editor of the *Free Church Magazine*. Formerly a frequent contributor to the more esteemed religious periodicals, he has latterly written chiefly for the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

'TIS SWEET WI' BLITHESOME HEART TO
STRAY.

'Tis sweet wi' blithesome heart to stray,
In the blushing dawn o' infant day ;
But sweeter than dewy morn can be,
Is an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee ;
 An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
 An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee ;
 The half o' my life I'd gladly gie
 For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.

The garish sun has sunk to rest ;
The star o' gloaming gilds the west ;
The gentle moon comes smiling on,
And her veil o'er the silent earth is thrown :
 Then come, sweet maid, oh, come wi' me !
 The whispering night-breeze calls on thee ;
 Oh, come and roam o'er the lily lea,
 An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' me.

For wealth let warldlings cark and moil,
Let pride for empty honours toil,
I'd a' their wealth and honours gie
For ae sweet hour, dear maid, wi' thee.
 An hour wi' thee, an hour wi' thee,
 An hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee ;
 Earth's stores and titles a' I'd gie
 For an hour i' the mild moonlight wi' thee.

O SWEET IS THE BLOSSOM.

O SWEET is the blossom o' the hawthorn tree,
 The bonnie milky blossom o' the hawthorn tree,
 When the saft westlin wind, as it wanders o'er the lea,
 Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
 An' the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon;
 But dewy rose nor lily fair is half sae sweet to me,
 As the bonnie milky blossom o' the hawthorn tree.

Oh, blithe at fair an' market fu' aften I hae been,
 An' wi' a crony frank an' leal, some happy hours I've
 seen;
 But the happiest hours I ere enjoy'd, were shared, my
 love, wi' thee,
 In the gloaming 'neath the bonnie, bonnie hawthorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
 And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, light o'er the
 dewy plain;
 But thy saft voice an' sighing breath were sweeter far
 to me,
 While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Old Time may wave his dusky wing, an' Chance may
 cast his die,
 And the rainbow hues of flatterin' Hope may darken in
 the sky;
 Gay Summer pass, an' Winter stalk stern o'er the frozen
 lea,
 Nor leaf, nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree:

But still'd maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing
heart o' mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer
blossoms shine,
An' low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false
to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn
tree.

THOMAS WATSON.

THOMAS WATSON, author of "The Rhymer's Family," a small volume of poems, published in 1847, was born at Arbroath about the year 1807. He some time wrought as a weaver, but has latterly adopted the trade of a house-painter. He continues to reside in his native place.

THE SQUIRE O' LOW DEGREE.

My luve 's a flower in garden fair,
 Her beauty charms the sicht o' men;
 And I'm a weed upon the wolde,
 For nane reck how I fare or fen'.
 She blooms in beild o' castle wa',
 I bide the blast o' povertie;
 My covert looks are treasures stown—
 Sae how culd my luve think o' me?

My luve is like the dawn o' day,
 She wears a veil o' woven mist;
 And hoary cranreuch deftly flower'd,
 Lies paling on her maiden breast;
 Her kirtle at her jimpy waist,
 Has studs o' gowd to clasp it wi',
 She decks her hair wi' pearlis rare—
 And how culd my luve think o' me?

My cloak is o' the Friesland gray,
 My doublet o' the gay Walloon,
 I wear the spurs o' siller sheen,
 And yet I am a landless loon;
 I ride a steed o' Flanders breed,
 I beare a sword upon my theigh,
 And that is a' my graith and gear—
 Sae how culd my luve think o' me?

My luve's rose lips breathe sweet perfume,
 Twa pearlie raws pure faire atween,
 The happie dimples dent her cheeks,
 And diamonds low in her dark e'en;
 Her haire is o' the gowden licht,
 But dark the fringes o' her bree;
 Her smile wuld warm cauld winter's heart—
 But how culd my luve think o' me?

My luve is tended like a queen,
 She sits among her maidens fair;
 There's ane to send, and ane to sew,
 And ane to kame her gowden hair;
 The lutestrings luve her fingers sma',
 Her lips are steeped in melodie;
 My heart is fu'—my e'en rin ower—
 Oh, how culd my luve think o' me?

My luve she sits her palfrey white,
 Mair fair to see than makar's dream
 O' faery queen on moonbeam bricht,
 Or mermaid on the saut sea faem.
 A belted knight is by her side,
 I'm but a squire o' low degree;
 A baron halds her bridle-rein—
 And how culd my luve think o' me?

But I will don the pilgrim's weeds,
And boune me till the Holy Land,
A' for the sake o' my dear luv,
To keep unstain'd my heart and hand.
And when this world is gane to wreck,
Wi' a' its pride and vanitie,
Within the blessed bouris o' heaven,
We then may meet—my luv and me.

JAMES MACDONALD.

A RESPECTABLE writer of lyric poetry, James Macdonald was born in September 1807, in the parish of Fintry, and county of Stirling. His father was employed in the cotton factory of Culcruich. Of unwonted juvenile precocity, he attracted the attention of two paternal uncles, whose circumstances enabled them to provide him with a liberal education. Acquiring the rudiments of learning at Culcruich, he afterwards studied at the grammar school of Stirling, and proceeded, in 1822, to the university of Glasgow. Intended by his relations for the ministry of the Established Church, he attended the Divinity Hall during three sessions. Preferring secular employment, he now abandoned the study of theology, and occupied himself in educational pursuits. After teaching in several boarding establishments, he became corrector of the press in the printing-office of Messrs Blackie of Glasgow. Having suffered on account of bad health, he was induced to accept the appointment of Free Church schoolmaster at Blairgowrie. His health continuing to decline, he removed to the salubrious village of Catrine, in Ayrshire: he died there on the 27th May 1848. Macdonald was a devoted teacher of Sabbath schools; and his only separate publications are two collections of hymns for their use.

BONNIE AGGIE LANG.

OR ere we part, my heart leaps hie to sing ae bonnie
 sang,
 Aboot my ain sweet lady-love, my darling Aggie Lang ;
 It is na that her cheeks are like the blooming damask
 rose,
 It is na that her brow is white as stainless Alpine snows,
 It is na that her locks are black as ony raven's wing,
 Nor is 't her e'e o' winning glee that mak's me fondly
 sing.

But, oh ! her heart, a bonnie well, that gushes fresh an'
 free
 O' maiden love, and happiness, and a' that sweet can
 be ;
 Though saft the sang o' simmer winds, the warbling o'
 the stream,
 The carolling o' joyous birds, the murmur o' a dream,
 I'd rather hear a'e gentle word frae Aggie's angel
 tongue,
 For weel I ken her heart is mine—the fountain whar it
 sprung.

Yestreen I met her in a glen about the gloamin' hour ;
 The moon was risen o'er the trees, the dew begemm'd
 ilk flower,
 The weary wind was hush'd asleep, an' no a sough cam'
 nigh,
 E'en frae the waukrife stream that ran in silver glintin'
 by ;

I press'd her milk-white han' in mine—she smiled as
 angels smile,
 But ah! frae me her tale o' love this warld mauna
 wile.

I saw the silver light o' heaven fa' on her bonnie brow,
 An' glitter on the honey-blabs upon her cherry mou';
 I saw the lily moonbeams steal the redness o' the rose,
 An' sleep upon her downy cheek in beautiful repose.
 The moon rose high, the stream gaed by, but aye she
 smiled on me,
 An' what she wadna breathe in words she tauld it wi'
 her e'e.

I've sat within a palace hall amid the grand an' gay,
 I've listen'd to the carnival o' merry birds in May,
 I've been in joyous companies, the wale o' mirth an'
 glee,
 An' danced in nature's fairy bowers by mountain, lake,
 and lea;
 But never has this heart o' mine career'd in purer pride,
 As in that moonlit glen an' bower, wi' Aggie by my
 side.

THE PRIDE O' THE GLEN.

OH, bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley,
 And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree;
 The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the simmer,
 And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e;

Mair dear to my heart is that lown cosy dingle,
 Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha' den,"
 I met with the fairest ere bounded in beauty,
 By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the welkin,
 An blithe as the lambkin that sports on the lea;
 Her heart is a fount rinnin' owre wi' affection,
 And a warld o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
 The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded treasures,
 The heir o' his grandeur and high pedigree;
 They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom,
 When alane wi' the angel o' luve and o' le.

I've seen the day dawn in a shower-drappin' goud,
 The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea;
 The clouds shinin' bricht in a deep amber licht,
 And the earth blushin' back to the glad lift on hie.
 I've dream'd o' a palace wi' gem-spangled ha's,
 And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond sheen
 Wi' towers shinin' fair, through the rose-tinted air,
 And domes o' rare pearls and rubies atween.

I've sat in a garden, 'mid earth's gaycst flowers,
 A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
 And breathin' in calm the air's fragrant balm,
 Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies;
 Yet the garden, and palace, and day's rosy dawning,
 Though in bless'd morning dreams they should aft
 come again,
 Can ne'er be sae sweet as the bonnie young lassie,
 That bloom'd by the Endrick, the pride of the glen.

The exile, in sleep, haunts the land o' his fathers,
 The captive's ae dream is his hour to be free ;
 The weary heart langs for the morning rays comin',
 The oppress'd, for his sabbath o' sweet liberty.
 But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
 Is the day that I'll ca' the young lassie my ain ;
 Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy,
 On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

MARY.

THE winter's cauld and cheerless blast
 May rob the feckless tree, Mary,
 And lay the young flowers in the dust,
 Whar' ance they bloom'd in glee, Mary.
 It canna chill my bosom's hopes—
 It canna alter thee, Mary ;
 The summer o' thy winsome face
 Is aye the same to me, Mary.

The gloom o' life, its cruel strife,
 May wear me fast awa', Mary ;
 An' lea'e me like a cauld, cauld corpse,
 Amang the drifting snaw, Mary.
 Yet 'mid the drift, wert thou but nigh,
 I'd fauld my weary e'e, Mary ;
 And deem the wild and raging storm,
 A laverock's sang o' glee, Mary.

My heart can lie in ruin's dust,
 And fortune's winter dree, Mary ;
 While o'er it shines the diamond ray,
 That glances frae thine e'e, Mary.

The rending pangs and waes o' life,
The dreary din o' care, Mary,
I'll welcome, gin they lea'e but thee,
My lanely lot to share, Mary.

As o'er yon hill the evening star
Is wilin' day awa', Mary ;
Sae sweet and fair art thou to me,
At life's sad gloamin' fa', Mary.
It gars me greet wi' vera joy,
Whene'er I think on thee, Mary,
That sic a heart sae true as thine,
Should e'er ha'e cared for me, Mary.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

JAMES BALLANTINE, one of the most successful of living Scottish song writers, was born in 1808 at the West Port of Edinburgh. Of this locality, now considerably changed in its character, but still endeared to him by the associations of his boyhood, he has given a graphic description in a poem, in which he records some of the cherished recollections of the days when amid its "howffs," and "laigh" half-doored shops he "gat schulin' and sport." He lost his father, who was a brewer, when he was only ten years old, and, being the youngest of the family, which consisted of three daughters and himself, his early training devolved upon his mother, who contrived to obtain for her children the advantage of an ordinary education. James Ballantine must, however, be considered as a self-taught man. Beyond the training which he received in early life, he owes his present position to his own indefatigable exertions.

By his father's death, the poet was necessitated, while yet a mere boy, to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of the family. He was, accordingly, apprenticed to a house-painter in the city, and very soon attained to considerable proficiency in his trade. On growing up to manhood, he made strenuous exertions to obtain the educational advantages which were not within his reach at an earlier period of life, and about his twentieth year he attended the University of Edinburgh for the study of anatomy, with a view to his professional

improvement. At a subsequent period he turned his attention to the art of painting on glass, and he has long been well-known as one of the most distinguished of British artists in that department. At the period Mr Ballantine began his career as a glass-painter, the art had greatly degenerated in character; and the position to which it has of late years attained is chiefly owing to his good taste and archæological researches. When the designs and specimens of glass-painting for the windows of the House of Lords were publicly competed for, the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts adjudged those produced by Mr Ballantine as the best which were exhibited, and the execution of the work was intrusted to him. A few years ago he published a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany, where it retains its popularity. Mr Ballantine has thus never allowed his literary pursuits to interfere with the exercise of his chosen avocations; "he has," in the words of Lord Cockburn, "made the business feed the Muses, and the Muses grace the business."

Although Mr Ballantine began at a very early age to woo the Muse, some of his most popular pieces having been produced about his sixteenth year, he made his first appearance in print in the pages of "Whistle Binkie." In 1843 his well-known work, "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," was published in monthly numbers, illustrated by the late Alexander Ritchie. This production was enriched with some of his best lyrics. His second work, "The Miller of Deanhaugh," likewise contains a number of songs and ballads. In 1856 Messrs Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, published an edition of his poems, including many of those which had been previously given to the world. This volume contains the happiest effusions of his genius, and will procure him a prominent place in

his country's literature. Mr Ballantine is the poet of the affections, a lover of the beautiful and tender among the humbler walks of life, and an exponent of the lessons to be drawn from familiar customs, common sayings, and simple character.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

SHE was Naebody's bairn, she was Naebody's bairn,
 She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
 Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
 For naebody cared about Naebody's bairn.

Though faither or mither ne'er own'd her ava,
 Though rear'd by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
 She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern,
 For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's bairn.

Though toited by some, and though lightlied by mair,
 She never compleened, though her young heart was sair,
 And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld air
 Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's bairn.

Though nane cheer'd her childhood, an' nane hail'd her
 birth,
 Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth ;
 And when the earth doom'd her in laigh nook to dern,
 Heaven couldna but tak again Naebody's bairn.

She cam smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
 Like lown simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
 And lo ! how serenely that lone e'ening starn
 Shines on the greensward that haps Naebody's bairn !

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in the ase,
 Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face ;
 Laughin' at the fuffin low—what sees he there ?
 Ha ! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air !

His wee chubby face, an' his towzy curly pow,
 Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe,
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
 Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
 He sees little sodgers puin' them a' doun ;
 Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, blazin' wi' a flare,
 Losh ! how he lous, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?
 He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men,
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us
 stare,—
 There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld ;
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld ;
 His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that Daddy Care
 Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the light ;
 But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night ;
 Aulder e'en than his are glamour'd by a glare,
 Hearts are broken—heads are turn'd—wi' castles in the
 air.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN
DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil
mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith an'
ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae
doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae
your e'en,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store
for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer when the clear and cludless
sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gaurs verdure spring
anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel ower
proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's
e'e,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence
or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

WIFIE, come hame,
 My couthie wee dame!
 Oh, but ye 're far awa,
 Wifie, come hame!

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
 Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
 Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
 A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
 Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
 Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
 Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
 Oh, quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
 My couthie wee dame!
 Oh, my heart wearies sair,
 Wifie, come hame!

Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
 Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee;
 Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
 Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.
 Oh, but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
 Lanely and eerie 's the life that I dree;
 Oh, come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
 Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

THE BIRDIE SURE TO SING IS AYE THE
GORBEL O' THE NEST.

OH, dinna look ye pridefu' doon on a' aneath your ken,
For he wha seems the farthest but aft wins the farthest
ben ;

And whiles the doubie o' the school tak's lead o' a' the
rest,

The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The cauld gray misty morn aft brings a sultry sunny
day,

The trees wha's buds are latest are the langest to decay ;
The heart sair tried wi' sorrow aye endures the sternest
test—

The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The wee, wee stern that glints in heaven, may be a lowin'
sun,

Though like a speck o' light, scarce seen amid the
welkin dun ;

The humblest sodger on the field may win the warrior's
crest—

The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

Then dinna be impatient wi' your bairnie when he's
slow,

And dinna scorn the humble, though the world deem
them low ;

The hindmost and the feeblest aft become the first and
best—

The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang ;
 Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld grannie's sang ;
 Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
 Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye 're ower young to learn
 To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn ;
 Better creepin' cannie, as fa'in' wi' a bang,
 Duntin' a' your wee brow—creep afore ye gang.

Ye 'll creep, an' ye 'll hotch, an' ye 'll nod to your
 mither,
 Watchin' ilka stap o' your wee donsy brither ;
 Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
 An' ye 'll be a braw cheil' yet—creep afore ye gang.

The wee burdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee ;
 Folks are sure to tumble when they climb ower hie ;
 They wha dinna walk right are sure to come to
 wrang—
 Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

YE mauna be proud, although ye be great,
 The puirest bodie is still your brither ;
 The king may come in the cadger's gate—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
 Ae hour we bloom, ae hour we wither;
 Let ilk help ither to climb the brae—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The highest among us are unco wee,
 Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither;
 Hoard na, man, what ye get sae free!—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alane,
 Blithe's the road when we wend wi' ither;
 Mutual gi'ing is mutual gain—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

THERE'S nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's
 name,
 There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her
 hame;
 Yet though my lassie's nameless, an' her kin o' low
 degree,
 Her heart is warm, her thochts are pure, and, oh! she's
 dear to me.

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's
 fair,
 Her virtues, like her beauties a', are varied as they're
 rare;
 While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea—
 For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be!

Whene'er she shews her blooming face, the flowers may
 cease to blaw,
 An' when she opes her hinnied lips, the air is music a' ;
 But when wi' ither's sorrows touch'd, the tear starts to
 her e'e,
 Oh ! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless
 pearl to me.

Within my soul her form 's enshrined, her heart is a' my
 ain,
 An' richer prize or purer bliss nae mortal e'er can
 gain ;
 The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding
 glee,
 Cheer'd onward by the love that lichts my nameless
 lassie's e'e.

BONNIE BONALY.

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream,
 Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream ;
 Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
 Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,
 Flooding with music its own tiny valley,
 Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's gray-brow'd castle towers,
 Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers ;
 Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom ;
 Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom ;
 Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
 Playing amang the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crown'd crest,
Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,
Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between ;
Nature and Art, like fair twins, wander gaily ;
Friendship and love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

SAFT IS THE BLINK O' THINE E'E, LASSIE.

OH, saft is the blink o' thine e'e, lassie,
Saft is the blink o' thine e'e ;
An' a bonnie wee sun glimmers in its blue orb,
As kindly it glints upon me.

The ringlets that twine round thy brow, lassie,
Are gowden, as gowden may be ;
Like the wee curly cluds that play round the sun,
When he's just going to drap in the sea.

Thou hast a bonnie wee mou', lassie,
As sweet as a body may pree ;
And fondly I'll pree that wee hinny mou',
E'en though thou shouldst frown upon me.

Thou hast a lily-white hand, lassie,
As fair as a body may see ;
An' saft is the touch o' that wee genty hand,
At e'en when thou partest wi' me.

Thy thoughts are sae haly and pure, lassie,
Thy heart is sae kind and sae free ;
My bosom is flooded wi' sunshine an' joy,
Wi' ilka blithe blink o' thine e'e.

THE MAIR THAT YE WORK, AYE THE
MAIR WILL YE WIN.

Be eident, be eident, fleet time rushes on,
Be eident, be eident, bricht day will be gone ;
To stand idle by is a profitless sin :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

The earth gathers fragrance while nursing the flower,
The wave waxes stronger while feeding the shower,
The stream gains in speed as it sweeps o'er the linn :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

There 's nought got by idling, there 's nought got for
nought,
Health, wealth, and contentment, by labour are bought ;
In raising yoursel', ye may help up your kin :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Let every man aim in his heart to excel,
Let every man ettle to fend for himsel' ;
Aye nourish ye stern independence within :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow is feckless, the widow 's alane,
Yet nae ane e'er hears the puir widow complain ;
For, ah ! there 's a Friend that the world wots na o',
Wha brightens her ken, and wha lightens her wo.

She looks a' around her, and what sees she there
But quarrels and cavils, but sorrow and care?
She looks in within, and she feels in her breast
A dawning o' glory, a foretaste o' rest.

The hope o' hereafter her lane bosom cheers,
She langrs sair to meet him wha left her in tears;
And life's flickerin' licht, as it wanes fast awa',
But fades to gie place to a far brichter daw.

The God o' high heaven is her comfort and guide,
When earthly friends leave her, He stands by her side;
He soothes a' her sorrows, an' hushes her fears,
An' fountains o' joy rise frae well-springs o' tears.

Then, oh! shew the widow the smile on your face,
She's aft puir in gear, but she's aft rich in grace;
Be kind to the widow, her Friend is on high,
You'll meet wi' the widow again in the sky.

MRS ELIZA A. H. OGILVY.

THE accomplished author of some poetical works, Mrs Eliza A. H. Ogilvy, is the daughter of Abercromby Dick, Esq., who for many years held an appointment in the civil service of the Honourable East India Company. Her childhood was passed in Scotland, under the care of her paternal uncle, Sir Robert Dick of Tullymett, who, at the head of his division, fell at the battle of Sobraon. After a period of residence in India, to which she had gone in early youth, she returned to Britain. In 1843, she was united in marriage to David Ogilvy, Esq., a cadet of the old Scottish family of Inverquharity. Several years of her married life have been spent in Italy; at present she resides with her husband and children at Sydenham, Kent. "A Book of Scottish Minstrelsy," being a series of ballads founded on legendary tales of the Scottish Highlands, appeared from her pen in 1846, and was well received by the press. She has since published "Traditions of Tuscany," and "Poems of Ten Years."

CRAIG ELACHIE.

BLUE are the hills above the Spey,
The rocks are red that line his way ;
Green is the strath his waters lave,
And fresh the turf upon the grave
Where sleep my sire and sisters three,
Where none are left to mourn for me :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

The roofs that shelter'd me and mine
Hold strangers of a Sassenach line ;
Our hamlet thresholds ne'er can shew
The friendly forms of long ago ;
The rooks upon the old yew-tree
Would e'en have stranger notes to me :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

The cattle feeding on the hills,
We tended once o'er moors and rills,
Like us have gone ; the silly sheep
Now fleck the brown sides of the steep,
And southern eyes their watchers be,
And Gael and Sassenach ne'er agree :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Where are the elders of our glen,
Wise arbiters for meaner men ?
Where are the sportsmen, keen of eye,
Who track'd the roe against the sky ;
The quick of hand, of spirit free ?
Pass'd, like a harper's melody :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Where are the maidens of our vale,
Those fair, frank daughters of the Gael?
Changed are they all, and changed the wife,
Who dared, for love, the Indian's life;
The little child she bore to me
Sunk in the vast Atlantic sea:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Bare are the moors of broad Strathspey,
Shaggy the western forests gray;
Wild is the corri's autumn roar,
Wilder the floods of this far shore;
Dark are the crags of rushing Dee,
Darker the shades of Tennessee:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Great rock, by which the Grant hath sworn,
Since first amid the mountains born;
Great rock, whose sterile granite heart
Knows not, like us, misfortune's smart,
The river sporting at thy knee,
On thy stern brow no change can see:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Stand fast on thine own Scottish ground,
By Scottish mountains flank'd around,
Though we uprooted, cast away
From the warm bosom of Strathspey,
Flung pining by this western sea,
The exile's hopeless lot must dree:
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie!

Yet strong as thou the Grant shall rise,
Cleft from his clansmen's sympathies;

In these grim wastes new homes we 'll rear,
New scenes shall wear old names so dear ;
And while our axes fell the tree,
Resound old Scotia's minstrelsy :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

Here can no treacherous chief betray
For sordid gain our new Strathspey ;
No fearful king, no statesmen pale,
Wrench the strong claymore from the Gael.
With arm'd wrist and kilted knee,
No prairie Indian half so free :
Stand fast, stand fast, Craig Elachie !

JOHN FINLAY.

JOHN FINLAY was born at Glasgow in 1808, and is one of the partners in the respectable firm of R. G. Finlay & Co., manufacturers in that city. Amidst due attention to the active prosecution of business, he has long been keenly devoted to the principal national games—curling, angling, bowling, quoiting, and archery—in all of which he has frequently carried off prizes at the various competitions throughout the country. To impart humorous sociality to the friendly meetings of the different societies of which he is a member, Mr Finlay was led to become a songwriter. There is scarcely a characteristic of any of his favourite games which he has not celebrated in racy verse. Some of his songs have obtained celebrity in certain counties where the national sports are peculiarly cultivated.

THE NOBLE SCOTTISH GAME.

AIR—" *Castles in the Air.*"

THE King is on the throne wi' his sceptre an' his croon,
 The elements o' cauld are the courtiers staunin' roun';
 He lifts his icy haun', an' he speaks wi' awe profound,
 He chills the balmy air, and he binds the yielding
 ground;
 He calms the raging winds when they moan and loudly
 rave,
 He stops the rinnin' stream, and he stills the dancin'
 wave;
 He calls the curlers on to the field of hope and fame,
 An' the spreading lake resounds wi' the noble Scottish
 game!

The hedges an' the trees are a' hung wi' pearls braw,
 An' the rinks are glancing clear 'mang the heaps o' shinin'
 snaw;
 The wee birds in the blast are a' tremblin' wi' the cauld;
 The sheep are lyin' close in the safely guarded fauld;
 The farmer leaves the plough, an' the weaver leaves the
 loom,
 Auld age gangs totterin' by wi' the youth in manhood's
 bloom;
 The miseries o' life are a' banish'd far frae hame,
 When the curlers meet to play at the brave old Scottish
 game!

It makes the auld folk young, an' the crimson tide to
 flow,
 It gars the pale face shine wi' a fresh and ruddy glow;

The rich forget their state and the charms o' wealth and
power,
When the bosom swells wi' joy in the bright triumphant
hour.
The wise may laugh an' sneer, and the unco guid may
gloom
At the happy, happy man, wi' his curlin' stanes and
broom ;
The melody to charm is the sport we love to name,
Ah ! there 's music in the stanes, at the rare old Scottish
game !

The warm and glowin' clime will subdue the manly
form ;
The curler's happy hame is the land o' mist an' storm,
Where the dreary winter reigns wi' a wide extended
sway,
An' the heathy moors are clad in a robe o' white array,
Till the gentle breath o' spring blaws the icy fields
awa',
To woo the springin' flowers, and to melt the frozen
snaw.
When the curlin' days are o'er, a' the joys o' life are
tame—
There 's naething warms the heart like the noble Scottish
game !

THE MERRY BOWLING-GREEN.

AIR—" *Castles in the Air.*"

THE gloomy days are gone
 With the blasts o' winter keen ;
 The flowers are blooming fair,
 And the trees are budding green ;
 The lark is in the sky,
 With his music ringing loud,
 Raining notes of joy
 From the sunny Summer cloud—
 Springing at the dawn
 With the blushing light of day,
 And quivering with delight
 In the morning's golden ray ;
 But there 's rapture dearer far
 In the warm and social power
 Of the merry bowling-green,
 In the happy evening hour !

The lights and shades of life,
 Like an April day, are seen,
 'Mid the melting sunny showers,
 On the lively bowling-green.
 The Spring and Autumn meet
 When the old and young are there,
 And mirth and wisdom chase
 From the heart the thoughts of care.
 When the creaking wheels of life
 Are revolving weak and slow,
 And the dashing tide of hope
 May be ebbing dark and low,

The sons of wealth and toil
 Feel the sweet and soothing power
Of the merry bowling-green,
 In the charming leisure hour!

The streams of life run on
 Till they fall into the sea ;
And the flowers are left behind,
 With their fragrance on the lea.
The circling flight of time
 Will soon make the young folk old ;
And pleasure dances on
 Till the springs of life grow cold.
We 'll taste the joys of life
 As the hours are gliding fast,
And learn to live and love
 From the follies of the past ;
And remember with delight,
 When misfortunes intervene,
The happy days we 've spent
 On the merry bowling-green.

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

THOMAS TOD STODDART, well-known through his ingenious works on angling, was born on the 14th February 1810 in Argyle Square, Edinburgh. In the chamber of his birth Dr Robertson is said to have written the "History of Scotland." His father, a rear-admiral in the navy, shared in several distinguished services: he was present at Lord Howe's victory at the landing in Egypt; at the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen, and in many desperate encounters between Russia and Sweden. Young Stoddart was educated at a Moravian establishment at Fairfield, near Manchester, and subsequently passed through a course of philosophy and law in the University of Edinburgh. Early devoted to verse-making, he composed a tragedy in his ninth year; and at the age of sixteen was the successful competitor in Professor Wilson's class, for a poem on "Idolatry." He was an early contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

Mr Stoddart studied for the Bar, and passed advocate in 1833. Finding the legal profession uncongenial, he soon relinquished it; and entering upon the married state in 1836, he has since resided at Kelso. For many years he has divided his time between the pursuits of literature, and the recreation of angling. In 1831, he published "The Deathwake, or Lunacy, a Poem;" in 1834, "The Art of Angling;" in 1836, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" and in 1844, "Abel Massinger; or the Aëronaut, a Romance." The

second of these publications has been remodelled, and under the title of "The Angler's Companion," has exhausted several impressions, and continues in general favour. The volume of "Songs" having been sold out, a new edition, along with a tragedy, entitled "The Crown Jewel," and "The Aëronaut," both still in MS., may be expected. Living at Kelso, Mr Stoddart has every opportunity of prosecuting his favourite pastime in the Tweed, and enjoying scenery calculated to foster the poetic temperament.

ANGLING SONG.

BRING the rod, the line, the reel!
 Bring, oh, bring the osier creel!
 Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
 Bring me showers, and clouds, and winds,
 All things right and tight,
 All things well and proper,
 Trailer red and bright,
 Dark and wily dropper;
 Casts of midges bring,
 Made of plover hackle,
 With a gaudy wing,
 And a cobweb tackle.

Lead me where the river flows,
 Shew me where the alder grows,
 Reel and rushes, moss and mead,
 To them lead me—quickly lead,

Where the roving trout
 Watches round an eddy,
 With his eager snout
 Pointed up and ready,
 Till a careless fly,
 On the surface wheeling,
 Tempts him, rising sly
 From his safe concealing.

There, as with a pleasant friend,
 I the happy hours will spend,
 Urging on the subtle hook,
 O'er the dark and chancy nook,
 With a hand expert
 Every motion swaying,
 And on the alert
 When the trout are playing;
 Bring me rod and reel,
 Flies of every feather,
 Bring the osier creel,
 Send me glorious weather!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

LET ither anglers choose their ain,
 An' ither waters tak' the lead;
 O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
 But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
 An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
 That steals into its valley fair—
 The streamlets that at ilka turn,
 Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
 An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
 An' Etterick, whose waters twine
 Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills ;
 An' Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
 An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed ;
 Their kindred valleys a' unite
 Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There 's no a hole abune the Crook,
 Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
 Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
 That daunders through the flowrie heath,
 But ye may fin' a subtle troot,
 A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
 An' mony a sawmon sooms about,
 Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
 A chancier bit ye canna hae,
 So gin ye tak' an' angler's word,
 Ye 'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
 An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
 Yer birzy hackles black and reid ;
 The saft sough o' a slender wand
 Is meetest music for the Tweed !

THE BRITISH OAK.

THE oak is Britain's pride !
 The lordliest of trees,
 The glory of her forest side,
 The guardian of her seas !

Its hundred arms are brandish'd wide,
To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen trim the sail,
And wake the battle smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale,
On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead,
The golden acorn lay;
And watch with care the bursting seed,
And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed,
In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be,
The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
And empress o'er the wave!

PEACE IN WAR.

PEACE be upon their banners!
When our war-ships leave the bay—
When the anchor is weigh'd,
And the gales
Fill the sails,
As they stray—

When the signals are made,
And the anchor is weigh'd,
And the shores of England fade
Fast away !

Peace be upon their banners,
As they cross the stormy main !
May they no aggressors prove,
But unite,
Britain's right
To maintain ;
And, unconquer'd, as they move,
May they no aggressors prove ;
But to guard the land we love,
Come again !

Long flourish England's commerce !
May her navies ever glide,
With concord in their lead,
Ranging free
Every sea,
Far and wide ;
And at their country's need,
With thunders in their lead,
May the ocean eagles speed
To her side !

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.*

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN was born at Bridgend, Perth, on the 3d of April 1811. His father, Thomas Maclagan, was bred to farming, but early abandoning this occupation, he settled in Perth as a manufacturer. Unfortunate in business, he removed to Edinburgh, with a young family of three children; the subject of the present memoir being the eldest. Catherine Stuart, the poet's mother, was descended from the Stuarts of Breadalbane, a family of considerable rank in that district. At the period of his father's removal to Edinburgh, Alexander was only in his fifth year. Not more successful in his pursuits in Edinburgh, where three additional children were born to him, Thomas Maclagan was unable to bestow upon his son Alexander the liberal education which his strong natural capacity demanded; but acquiring the common rudiments of knowledge at several schools in the Old Town, he was at the early age of ten years taken thence, and placed in a jeweller's shop, where he remained two years. Being naturally strong, and now of an age to undertake more laborious employment, his father, rather against the son's inclinations, bound him apprentice to a plumber in Edinburgh, with whom he served six years. About this time he produced many excellent drawings, which received the approbation of the managers of the Edinburgh School of Design, but the arduous duties of his occupation precluded the possibility of his following

* To Mr Disseret of Edinburgh we are indebted for the particulars of Mr Maclagan's personal history.

his natural bent. His leisure time was chiefly devoted to the cultivation of literature. So early as his thirteenth year he entered the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library as a member; and from this early age he dates his taste for poetry.

In 1829, while yet an apprentice, Maclagan became connected with the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by Mr Glassford Bell. As a contributor to that publication, he was introduced to the Ettrick Shepherd, Professor Wilson, William Tennant, and William Motherwell, who severally commended his verses. On the expiry of his apprenticeship he worked for some time as a journeyman plumber. He was married in his eighteenth year; and he has three surviving children. In 1831, he commenced on his own account, in a shop at the head of the Mound, Edinburgh; but finding he had inadequate capital, he proceeded to London in quest of employment in some managing department of his trade. In the metropolis he was well received by Allan Cunningham, and was, through his recommendation, offered an appointment under Mr Cubitt, the well known builder. A strike among Mr Cubitt's workmen unfortunately interfered with the completion of the arrangement, and the poet, much disappointed, returned to Edinburgh. He now accepted an engagement as manager of a plumbers establishment in Dunfermline, where he continued two years. He afterwards devoted himself to literary and educational pursuits.

In 1841, Maclagan published a collected edition of his poems, which immediately attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey. He invited the poet to his residence, and on many occasions proved his benefactor. On the publication, in 1849, of another volume, entitled, "Sketches from Nature, and other Poems," the critic

wrote to the poet in these words, "I can remember when the appearance of such a work would have produced a great sensation, and secured to its author both distinction and more solid advantages." Among the last written of Lord Jeffrey's letters, was one addressed to Mr Maclagan in regard to the second edition of his Poems. Shortly after his patron's death, the poet found a new friend in Lord Cockburn, who procured for him a junior clerkship in the office of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. This situation proved, however, most uncongenial; he found himself unsuited to the practice of lengthened arithmetical summations, and he resigned his post under the promise of being transferred to another department, more suitable to his habits. In 1851 he was, by a number of his admirers, entertained at a public dinner in the hall attached to Burns' Cottage, and more lately he received a similar compliment in his native town. Considerate attentions have been shewn him by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyle, the Rev. Dr Guthrie, and other distinguished individuals. In the autumn of 1856 he had conferred on him by the Queen a small Civil List pension.

Mr Maclagan's latest publication, entitled, "Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes," appeared in 1854, and has well sustained his reputation. Imbued with a keen perception of the beautiful and pleasing, alike in the natural and moral world, his poetry is marked by refinement of thought, elegance of expression, and an earnest devotedness. In social life he delights to depict the praises of virtue. The lover's tale he has told with singular simplicity and tenderness.

CURLING SONG.

HURRAH for Scotland's worth and fame,

A health to a' that love the name ;

Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,

The pastime o' the free, boys.

While head, an' heart, an' arm are strang,

We'll a' join in a patriot's sang,

And sing its praises loud and lang—

The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Scotland's fame,

A health to a' that love the name ;

Hurrah for Scotland's darling game ;

The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Gie hunter chaps their break-neck hours,

Their slaughtering guns amang the muirs ;

Let wily fisher prove his powers

At the flinging o' the flee, boys.

But let us pledge ilk hardy chiel,

Wha's hand is sure, wha's heart is leal,

Wha's glory 's on a brave bonspiel—

The roarin' rink for me, boys.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—

That Scotland's heroes werena slack

The heads o' stubborn foes to crack,

And mak' the feckless flee, boys.

Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,

They aften tried the curlin' charm

To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—

The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
 Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear ;
 We hae this nicht some heroes here,
 We aye are blythe to see, boys.
 A' brithers brave are they, I ween,
 May fickle Fortune, slippery queen,
 Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May health an' strength their toils reward,
 And should misfortune's gales blow hard,
 Our task will be to plant a guard
 Or guide them to the tee, boys.
 Here 's three times three for curlin' scenes,
 Here 's three times three for curlin' freen's,
 Here 's three times three for beef an' greens—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

A' ye that love auld Scotland's name,
 A' ye that love auld Scotland's fame,
 A' ye that love auld Scotland's game,
 A glorious sicht to see, boys—
 Up, brothers, up, drive care awa' ;
 Up, brothers, up, ne'er think o' thaw ;
 Up, brothers, up, and sing hurrah—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

THE auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
 Like a dream o' my schule-days, it haunts me still ;
 Like the sun's simmer blink on the face o' a hill,
 Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbit and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' down ;
Tak' my word for 't, my friend, 'tis na puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blythe whistle aye blends wi' the sound ;
The spray, like the bricht draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa' in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back ;
The lightning-wing'd swallow, wi' Nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal ;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good will
The hard, horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill—
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill—
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough 's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic' gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld ;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring doon his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows,
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows ;
Their lang-barrell'd guns wad an armory fill—
There 's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin' or christ'nin' a wee ane,
 Sic' ribbons, sic' ringlets, sic' feather's are fleein';
 Sic' laughin', sic' daffin', sic' dancin', until
 The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listen'd to music—ilk varying tone,
 Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone;
 But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
 As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill-wheel!
 Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnies' meal!
 Bless the miller—wha often, wi' heart and good-will,
 Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
 Like a dream o' my schule days it haunts me still;
 Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a bill,
 Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

THE THISTLE.

HURRAH for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers, in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, weel-guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
 When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
 'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
 For the stronger the tempest, the greener it grows!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
 On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
 On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts o' the free,
 May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Hale hearts we hae yet to bléed in its cause;
 Bold harps we hae yet to sound its applause;
 How, then, can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?
 Then hurrah for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong-bearded, well-guarded thistle for me!

THE SCOTCH BLUE BELL.

THE Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
 The dear blue-bell for me!
 Oh! I wadna gie the Scotch blue-bell
 For a' the flowers I see.

I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch blue-bell,
 I hail thee, floweret fair;
 Whether thou bloom'st in lanely dell,
 Or wavest mid mountain air—
 Blithe springing frae our bare, rough rocks,
 Or fountain's flowery brink:
 Where, fleet as wind, in thirsty flocks,
 The deer descend to drink.
 The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

Sweet flower ! thou deck'st the sacred nook
 Beside love's trystin' tree ;
 I see thee bend to kiss the brook,
 That kindly kisseth thee.
 'Mang my love's locks ye 're aften seen,
 Blithe noddin' o'er her brow,
 Meet marrows to her lovely een
 O' deep endearin' blue !
 The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

When e'enin's gowden curtains hing
 O'er moor and mountain gray,
 Methinks I hear the blue-bells ring
 A dirge to deein' day ;
 But when the licht o' mornin' wakes
 The young dew-drocket flowers,
 I hear amid their merry peals,
 The mirth o' bridal hours !
 The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

How oft wi' rapture hae I stray'd,
 The mountain's heather crest,
 There aft wi' thee hae I array'd
 My Mary's maiden breast ;
 Oft tremblin' mark'd amang thy bells,
 Her bosom fa' and rise,
 Like snawy cloud that sinks and swells,
 'Neath summer's deep blue skies.
 The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

Oh ! weel ye guess when morning daws,
 I seek the blue-bell grot ;
 An' weel ye guess, when e'enin' fa's
 Sae sweet, I leave it not ;

An' when upon my tremblin' breast,
 Reclines my maiden fair,
 Thou know'st full well that I am blest,
 And free frae ilka care.

The Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
 The dear blue-bell for me !
 Oh ! I wadna gie the Scotch blue-bell,
 For a' the flowers I see.

THE ROCKIN'.

THE ingle check is bleezin' bricht,
 The croozie sheds a cheerfu' licht,
 An' happy hearts are here the night,
 To haud a rantin' rockin' !

There 's laughin' Lizzie, free o' care ;
 There 's Mary, wi' the modest air ;
 An' Kitty, wi' the gowden hair,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

There 's Bessie, wi' her spinnin' wheel ;
 There 's Jeanie Deans, wha sings sae weel ;
 An' Meg, sae daft about a reel,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

The ploughman, brave as Wallace wicht ;
 The weaver, wi' his wit sae bricht ;
 The vulcan, wi' his arm o' micht,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

The shepherd, wi' his eagle e'e,
 Kindly heart an' rattlin' glee;
 The wonder-workin' dominie,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

The miller, wi' his mealy mou',
 Wha kens sae weel the way to woo—
 His faither's pipes frae Waterloo
 He'll bring to cheer our rockin'.

The souter, wi' his bristly chin,
 Frae whilk the lasses screechin' rin;
 The curly-headed whupper-in,
 Will a' be at the rockin'.

There 's merry jokes to cheer the auld,
 There 's love an' joy to warm the cauld,
 There 's sangs o' weir to fire the bauld;
 Sae prove our merry rockin'.

The tales they tell, the sangs they sing,
 Will gar the auld clay biggin' ring,
 And some will dance the Highland fling,
 Right blithely at the rockin'.

Wi' wit, an' love, an' fun, an' fire,
 Fond friendship will each soul inspire,
 An' mirth will get her heart's desire
 O' rantin', at the rockin'.

When sair foredung wi' crabbit care,
 When days come dark whilk promised fair,
 To cheer the gloom, just come an' share
 The pleasures o' our rockin'.

THE WIDOW.

OH, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
 Oh, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
 Though the heart o' this warld 's as hard as a stane,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though totterin' noo, like her auld crazy biel,
 Her step ance the lichtest on hairst-rig or reel;
 Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheerin' strain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Though humble her biggin', and scanty her store,
 The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door;
 Though she aft lifts the lid o' her girnel in vain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Though thin, thin her locks, noo like hill-drifted snaw,
 Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the crow;
 Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

The sang o' the lark finds the Widow asteer,
 The birr o' her wheel starts the nicht's dreamy ear;
 The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her claes,
 That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
 Ere her auld Robin dee'd, sae fond an' sae fain'—
 Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain!

Oh, sad was the hour when the brave Forty-twa,
 Wi' their wild-sounding pipes, march'd her callant
 awa' ;
 Though she schules, feeds, an' cleeds his wee orphan
 wean,
 Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain !

Ye wild wintry winds, ye blaw surly and sair,
 On the heart that is sad, on the wa's that are bare ;
 When care counts the links o' life's heavy chain,
 The poor heart is hopeless that winna complain.

The Sabbath-day comes, and the Widow is seen,
 I' the aisle o' the auld kirk, baith tidy and clean ;
 Though she aft sits for hours on the mossy grave-stane,
 Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain !

An' then when she turns frae the grave's lanely sod,
 To breathe out her soul in the ear of her God,
 What she utters to Him is no kent to ane,
 But there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain !

Ye wealthy an' wise in this fair world o' ours,
 When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi'
 flowers ;
 When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains,
 To the heart-broken Widow wha never complains.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

WHAT though ye hae nor kith nor kin',
 An' few to tak' your part, love ;
 A happy hame ye'll ever fin'
 Within my glowing heart, love.

So! while I breathe the breath o' life,
 Misfortune ne'er shall steer ye;
 My Highland Plaid is warm an' wide—
 Creep closer, my wee' dearie!

The thunder loud, the burstin' cloud,
 May speak o' ghaists an' witches,
 An' spunkie lichts may lead puir wichts
 Through bogs an' droonin' ditches;
 There's no ae imp in a' the host
 This nicht will daur come near ye;
 My Highland Plaid is warm an' wide—
 Creep closer, my wee' dearie!

Why do you heave sic heavy sighs,
 Why do ye sab sae sair, love?
 Altho' beneath my rustic plaid
 An earl's star I wear love,
 I woo'd ye as a shepherd youth,
 And as a queen revere thee;
 My Highland plaid is warm an' wide—
 Creep closer, my wee' deerie!

THE FLOWER O' GLENCOE.

OH! dear to my heart are my heather-clad mountains,
 An' the echoes that burst from their caverns below,
 The wild woods that darken the face of their fountains—
 The haunts of the wild deer an' fleet-footed roe;
 But dearer to me is the bower o' green bushes
 That flowers the green bank where the Tay gladly gushes,
 For there, all in tears, an' deep crimson'd wi' blushes,
 I won the young heart o' the Flower o' Glencoe.

Contented I lived in my canty auld biggin',
 'Till Britain grew wud wi' the threats o' a foe ;
Then I drew my claymore frae the heather-clad riggin',
 My forefathers wielded some cent'ries ago.
An' though Mary kent weel that my heart was nae ranger,
Yet the thoughts o' my wa'-gaun, the dread an' the danger
O' famine and death in the land o' the stranger,
 Drave the bloom frae the cheek o' the Flower o' Glencoe.

But success crown'd our toils—ye hae a' heard the story,
 How we beat the proud French, an' their eagles laid
 low—
I've walth o' war's wounds, an' a share o' its glory,
 An' the love o' auld Scotland wherever I go.
Come, now fill the wine cup ! let love tell the measure ;
Toast the maid of your heart, an' I'll pledge you with
 pleasure ;
Then a bumper I claim to my heart's dearest treasure—
 The fair-bosom'd, warm-hearted Flower o' Glencoe.

MRS JANE C. SIMPSON.

JANE CROSS BELL, better known by her assumed name of "Gertrude," is the daughter of the late James Bell, Esq., Advocate, and was born in Glasgow. Her first effusions, written in early youth, were published in the *Greenock Advertiser*, while her father for a short time resided in that town, as assessor to the Magistrates. To the pages of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* she afterwards contributed numerous poetical compositions, and subsequently various articles in prose and verse to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, then under the able editorship of the Rev. Dr Gardner. In 1836, "Gertrude" published a small volume of tales and sketches, entitled, "The Piety of Daily Life;" and, in 1838, a duodecimo volume of lyric poetry, named, "April Hours." Her latest work, "Woman's History," appeared in 1848.

In July 1837, Miss Bell was married to her cousin, Mr J. B. Simpson, and has since resided chiefly in Glasgow. Amidst numerous domestic avocations in which she has latterly been involved, Mrs Simpson continues to devote a considerable portion of her time to literary pursuits. She is at present engaged in a poetical work of a more ambitious description than any she has yet offered to the public.

GENTLENESS.

OH! the winning charm of gentleness, so beautiful to
me,
'Tis this has bound my soul so long, so tenderly, to
thee;
The gentle heart, like jewel bright, beneath the ocean
blue,
In every look and tone of thine, still shining sweetly
through!

What though the crowd with wonder bow, before great
genius' fire,
And wit, with lightning flash, commands to reverence
and admire;
'Tis gentleness alone that gains the tribute of our love,
And falls upon the ear, like dew on flowers, from heaven
above!

Ah! many a day has pass'd since then, yet I remember
well,
Once from my lips an angry thought, in hasty accents
fell;
A word of wrath I utter'd, in a light and wayward
mood—
Of wrath to thee, my earliest friend, the noble and the
good!

No answering words were given for mine, but, calm and
bright as now,
Thy speaking eyes a moment dwelt upon my ruffled
brow,

And then a sweet, forgiving smile came o'er thy pensive
face,
And thy hand was softly tender'd me, with melancholy
grace.

An instant mute and motionless, before thee did I
stand,
And gazed upon thy placid mien, thy smile, thy proffer'd
hand—
Ah! ne'er could angel, sent to walk this earth of sinful
men,
Look lovelier in his robes of light, than thou to me wert
then!

I long'd to weep—I strove to speak—no words came
from my tongue,
Then silently to thy embrace, I wildly, fondly sprung;
The sting of guilt, like lightning, struck to my awaken'd
mind;
I could have borne to meet thy wrath—'twas death to see
thee kind!

'Tis ever thus! when anger wins but anger in return,
A trifle grows a thing of weight, and fast the fire will
burn;
But when reproachful words are still in mild forgiveness
past,
The proudest soul will own his fault, and melt in tears
at last!
O Gentleness! thy gentleness, so beautiful to me!
It will ever bind my heart in love and tenderness to
thee;

I bless thee for all high-born thoughts, that fill that
breast of thine,
But most, I bless thee for that gift of gentleness divine!

HE LOVED HER FOR HER MERRY EYE.

He loved her for her merry eye,
That, like the vesper star,
In evening's blue and deepening sky,
Shed light and joy afar!

He loved her for her golden hair,
That o'er her shoulders hung;
He loved her for her happy voice,
The music of her tongue.

He loved her for her airy form
Of animated grace;
He loved her for the light of soul,
That brighten'd in her face.

He loved her for her simple heart,
A shrine of gentle things;
He loved her for her sunny hopes,
Her gay imaginings.

But not for him that bosom beat,
Or glanced that merry eye,
Beneath whose diamond light he felt
It would be heaven to die.

He never told her of his love,
He breathed no prayer—no vow;
But sat in silence by her side,
And gazed upon her brow.

And when, at length, she pass'd away,
Another's smiling bride,
He made his home 'mid ocean's waves—
He died upon its tide.

LIFE AND DEATH.

To live in cities—and to join
The loud and busy throng,
Who press with mad and giddy haste,
In pleasure's chase along;
To yield the soul to fashion's rules,
Ambition's varied strife;
Borne like a leaf upon the stream—
Oh! no—this is not life!

To pass the calm and pleasant hours,
By wild wood, hill, and grove,
And find a heaven in solitude,
With one we deeply love;
To know the wealth of happiness,
That each to each can give,
And feel no power can sever us—
Ah! this it is to live!

It is not death, when on the couch
Of sickness we are laid,
With all our spirit wasted,
And the bloom of youth decay'd ;
To feel the shadow dim our eyes,
And pant for failing breath ;
Then break at length life's feeble hain—
Oh, no ! this is not death !

To part from one beneath whose smiles
We long were used to dwell,
To hear the lips we love pronounce
A passionate farewell ;
To catch the last *too* tender glance
Of an adoring eye,
And weep in solitude of heart—
Ah ! this it is to die !

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night ! the silver stars are clear,
On evening's placid brow ;
We have been long together, love—
We must part now.

Good night ! I never can forget
This long bright summer day,
We pass'd among the woods and streams,
Far, far away !

Good night! we have had happy smiles,
Fond dreams, and wishes true,
And holier thoughts and communings,
And weeping too.

Good night! perchance I ne'er may spend
Again so sweet a time,
Alone with Nature and with thee,
In my life's prime!

Good night! yet e'er we sever, love,
Take thou this faded flower,
And lay it next thy heart, against
Our meeting hour.

Good night! the silver stars are clear,
Thy homeward way to light;
Remember this long summer day—
Good night! good night!

ANDREW PARK.

THE author of numerous poetical works, Andrew Park was born at Renfrew, on the 7th March 1811. After an ordinary education at the parish school, he attended during two sessions the University of Glasgow. In his fifteenth year he entered a commission warehouse in Paisley, and while resident in that town, published his first poem, entitled the "Vision of Mankind." About the age of twenty he went to Glasgow, as salesman in a hat manufactory; and shortly after, he commenced business on his own account. At this period he published several additional volumes of poems. His business falling off in consequence of a visitation of cholera in the city, he disposed of his stock and proceeded to London, to follow the career of a man of letters. After some years' residence in the metropolis, he returned to Glasgow in 1841; and having purchased the stock of the poet Dugald Moore, recently deceased, he became a bookseller in Ingram Street. The speculation proved unfortunate, and he finally retired from the concerns of business. He has since lived principally in Glasgow, but occasionally in London. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other Eastern countries, and the following year published a narrative of his travels in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "Egypt and the East."

Of the twelve volumes of poems which Mr Park has given to the public, that entitled "Silent Love" has been the most popular. It has appeared in a handsome form, with illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. In one of

his poems, entitled "Veritas," published in 1849, he has supplied a narrative of the principal events of his life up to that period. Of his numerous songs, several have obtained a wide popularity. The whole of his poetical works were published in 1854, by Bogue of London, in a handsome volume, royal octavo.

HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

HURRAH for the Highlands! the stern Scottish High-
lands,
The home of the clansmen, the brave and the free ;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough
breast
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light ;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet tiny bark, through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high ;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms ;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea ;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms—
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free !

OLD SCOTLAND, I LOVE THEE!

OLD Scotland, I love thee! thou 'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou 'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

Thy cloud-cover'd hills that look up from the seas,
Wave sternly their wild woods aloft in the breeze;
Where flies the bold eagle in freedom on high,
Through regions of cloud in its wild native sky!
For, old Scotland, I love thee! thou 'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou 'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

O name not the land where the olive-tree grows,
Nor the land of the shamrock, nor land of the rose;
But shew me the thistle that waves its proud head,
O'er heroes whose blood for their country was shed.
For, old Scotland, I love thee! thou 'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou 'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

Then tell me of bards and of warriors bold,
Who wielded their brands in the battles of old,
Who conquer'd and died for their loved native land,
With its maidens so fair, and its mountains so grand!
For, old Scotland, I love thee! thou 'rt dearer to me
Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea;
Though asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
Yet thou 'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war!

FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

FLOWERS of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth ;
Birds of love are fondly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth :
Streams are pouring from their fountains,
Echoing through each rugged dell ;
Heather bells adorn the mountains,
Bid the city, love ! farewell.

See the boughs are rich in blossom,
Through each sunlit, silent grove ;
Cast all sorrow from thy bosom—
Freedom is the soul of love !
Let us o'er the valleys wander,
Nor a frown within us dwell,
And in joy see Nature's grandeur—
Bid the city, love ! farewell.

Morning's sun shall then invite us
By the ever sparkling streams ;
Evening's fall again delight us
With its crimson-coloured beams.
Flowers of summer sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth ;
Birds of love are loudly singing,
In their gay and jocund mirth.

HOME OF MY FATHERS.

HOME of my fathers, though far from thy grandeur,
 In joy or in sorrow, my heart turns to thee;
 In visions of night o'er thy loved scenes I wander,
 And dwell with those friends that are dearest to me!
 I see thy blue hills, where the thunders are leaping,
 Where springs the loud cascade to caverns below;
 The clouds round their summits their dark watch are
 keeping,
 Thy ravines are streak'd with the purest of snow.
 Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
 Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

Warm are thy hearts, though thy breezes be chilly;
 Rosy thy maidens, and artless and gay!
 Cradled on high lie thy lakes pure and stilly,
 Surrounded by mountains gigantic and gray!
 Thy stern thistle still shoots aloft in its glory,
 And sheds its bright dew tears o'er old heroes' graves,
 Thy rudely rear'd cairns echo many a story,
 Of those who fell bravely, who scorn'd to be slaves!
 Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
 Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

Land of the pibroch, the plaid, and the heather,
 The lake and the mountain, the streamlet and glen,
 The green thoughts of youth do not easily wither,
 But dwell on thy charms, and thy bravest of men!
 Both genius and love have in raptures hung o'er thee,
 And wafted thy name in sweet sounds o'er the sea—

Till nations afar have bent low to adore thee,
 Home of my fathers! my heart turns to thee!
 Home of my fathers, in joy or in sorrow—
 Home of my fathers, my heart turns to thee!

WHAT AILS MY HEART?

WHAT ails my heart—what dims my e'e?

What maks you seem sae wae, Jamie?

Ye werena aye sae cauld to me;

Ye ance were blythe and gay, Jamie.

I'm wae to see you, like a flower

Kill'd by the winter's snaw, Jamie,

Droop farer down frae hour to hour,

An' waste sae fast awa, Jamie.

I'm sure your Jeanie's kind and true,

She loves nae ane but thee, Jamie;

She ne'er has gien thee cause to rue;

If sae—ye still are free, Jamie.

I winna tak your hand and heart,

If there is ane mair dear, Jamie;

I'd sooner far for ever part

With thee—though wi' a tear, Jamie.

Then tell me your doubts and your fears,

Keep naething hid frae me, Jamie;

Are ye afraid o' coming years,

O' darker days to me, Jamie?

I'll share your grief, I'll share your joy,

They'll come alike to me, Jamie;

Misfortune's hand may all destroy,

Except my love for thee, Jamie.

AWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS.

AWAY to the Highlands, where Lomond is flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came from the sky!
Though scenes of the fairest are Windsor adorning,
Though England's proud structures enrapture the
view;
Yet Nature's wild grandeur, all artifice scorning,
Is seen 'mong our mountains so bonnie and blue.
Then away to the hills where Loch Lomond is
flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came from the sky!

Benlomond is seen in his monarch-like glory,
His foot in the sea and his head in the sky;
His broad lofty brow is majestic and hoary,
And round him, and round him the elements fly.
The winds are his music, the clouds are his clothing,
The sun is his shield, as he wheels blazing by;
When once on his summit you 'd think you were soaring
'Mong bright beaming stars, they are rolling so nigh!
Then away to the hills where Loch Lomond is
flowing,
Where mists and where mountains in solitude lie,
And where the braw red-lipp'd heather is growing,
And cataracts foam, as they came from the sky?

I'M AWAY.

I'm away, I'm away, like a thing that is wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a child!
Afar o'er the mountains, afar o'er the stream,
To revel in joy 'mid the glad summer beam.
I leave care behind me, I throw to the wind
All sorrows allied to the earth-plodding mind;
The music of birds and the murmur of rills,
Shall be my companions o'er Scotia's loved hills.

How lucent each lake, and how lovely each dell!
Who would not be happy, at home let him dwell;
I'm away, I'm away, like a thing that is wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a child!

Oh, land of my fathers! Oh, home of my birth!
No spot seems so blest on the round rolling earth!
Thy wild woods so green, and thy mountains so high,
Seem homes of enchantment half hid in the sky!
Thy steep winding passes, where warriors have trod,
Which minstrels of yore often made their abode—
Where Ossian and Fingal rehearsed runic tales,
That echo'd aloft o'er the furze cover'd dales.

How lucent each lake, and how lovely each dell!
Who would not be happy, at home let him dwell;
I'm away, I'm away, like a thing that is wild,
With heart full of glee, as the heart of a child!

THERE IS A BONNIE, BLUSHING FLOWER.

THERE is a bonnie, blushing flower—
 But ah ! I darena breathe the name ;
 I fain would steal it frae its bower,
 Though a' should think me sair to blame.
 It smiles sae sweet amang the rest,
 Like brightest star where ither's shine ;
 Fain would I place it in my breast,
 And make this bonnie blossom mine.

At morn, at sunny noon, whene'er
 I see this fair, this fav'rite flower,
 My heart beats high with wish sincere,
 To wile it frae its bonnie bower !
 But oh ! I fear to own its charms,
 Or tear it frae its parént stem ;
 For should it wither in mine arms,
 What would revive my bonnie gem ?

Awa', ye coward thoughts, awa'—
 That flower can never fade with me,
 That frae the wintry winds that blaw
 Round each neglected bud is free !
 No, it shall only bloom more fair,
 When cherished and adored by me ;
 And a' my joy, and a' my care,
 This bonnie, blushing flower shall be !

THE MAID OF GLENCOE.

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

ONCE more in the Highlands I wander alone,
 Where the thistle and heather are bonnie and blown;
 By mountain and streamlet, by cavern and glen,
 Where echo repeats the sweet wood-notes again.
 Give courtiers their gay-gilded halls and their grandeur,
 Give misers their gold, all the bliss they can know;
 But let me meet Flora, while pensive I wander—
 Fair Flora, dear Flora! the maid of Glencoe!

Oh, first when we met, being handsome and gay,
 I felt she had stole my affections away;
 The mavis sang loud on the sweet hawthorn tree,
 But her voice was more sweet and endearing to me.
 The sun spread his rays of bright gold o'er the foun-
 tain,
 The hours glided by without languor or woe,
 As we pull'd the sweet flowers from the steep rocky
 mountains—
 My blessings attend thee, sweet maid of Glencoe!

The glen is more rugged, the scene more sublime,
 Now hallow'd by love, and by absence, and time!
 And fondly resemble the thoughts of my heart,
 Untouch'd by the cold soothing fingers of art.
 And lo! as I gaze on the charms of my childhood,
 Where bright in the heath-bell the dew-drops still
 glow,
 A fairy-like form ushers forth from the wild wood—
 'Tis Flora, fair Flora! the maid of Glencoe.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

THE accomplished and amiable author of "Heart Histories" and other poems, Marion Paul Aird, is a native of Glasgow. Her paternal ancestors were respectable yeomen in the Carrick district of Ayrshire. Her mother, a niece of Hamilton Paul, formerly noticed,* was descended from a race of opulent landowners in the district of Cunningham. In her youth, Miss Aird had her abode in a romantic cottage at Govan Hill, in the vicinity of Glasgow. For a number of years she has resided in Kilmarnock. She early studied the British poets, and herself wrote verses. In 1846 she published a duodecimo volume of poems and lyrics, entitled "The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;" this was followed in 1853 by a volume of prose and verse, under the title of "Heart Histories." She has two new volumes of poetry ready for the press. Her poetry is largely pervaded by religious fervour and devoted earnestness.

 THE FA' O' THE LEAF.

'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, and the cauld winds are blawin',
 The wee birds, a' sangless, are dowie and wae;
 The green leaf is sear, an' the brown leaf is fa'in',
 Wan Nature lamentin' o'er simmer's decay.

* See vol. ii., p. 120.

Noo drumlie an' dārk row the siller-like waters,
 No a gowden-e'ed gowan on a' the green lea;
 Her snell breath, wi' anger, in darkness noo scatters
 The wee flowers, that danced to the sang o' the bee.

The green leaves o' simmer sing hopefu' an' cheerie,
 When bonnie they smile in the sun's gowden ray;
 But dowie when sear leaves in autumn winds eerie
 Sigh, "Life, love, and beauty, as flowers ye decay."

How waefu' the heart, where young hopes that gather,
 Like spring-flowers in simmer, "are a' wede awa'";
 An' the rose-bloom o' beauty, e'er autumn winds wither,
 Like green leaves unfaded, lie cauld in the snaw:

But waefu' to see, as a naked tree lanely,
 Man shake like a wan leaf in poortith's cauld blast;
 The last o' his kin, sighin', "Autumn is gane by,"
 An' the wrinkles o' eild tell "his simmer is past."

The fire that 's blawn out, ance mair may be lighted,
 An' a wee spark o' hope in the cauld heart may burn;
 An' the "morning star" break on the traveller benighted,
 An' day, wi' its fresh gushing glories, return:

But dool, dool the fa', when shakes the clay shielin',
 An' the last keek o' day sets for ever in night!
 When no ae wee star through the dark clud is stealin',
 Through the cauld wave o' death, his dark spirit to light.

The spring flowers o' life, a' sae blythesome and bonnie,
 Though wither'd and torn frae the heart far awa',
 An' the flower we thought fadeless, the fairest o' onie,
 May spring up again whar nae freezin' winds blaw.

Kin' spring 'll woo back the green "bud to the timmer,"
 Its heart burst in blossom 'neath simmer's warm
 breath ;

But when shall the warm blush o' life's faded simmer
 Bring back the rose-bloom frae the winter o' death ?

How kin' should the heart be, aye warm an' forgi'en,
 When sune, like a leaf, we maun a' fade awa' ;
 When life's winter day as a shadow is fleein'—
 But simmer aye shines whar nae autumn leaves fa' !

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

CALM sleep the village dead
 In the auld kirk-yard ;
 But softly, slowly tread
 In the auld kirk-yard ;
 For the weary, weary rest,
 Wi' the green turf on their breast,
 And the ashes o' the blest
 Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh ! many a tale it hath,
 The auld kirk-yard,
 Of life's crooked thorny path
 To the auld kirk-yard.
 But mortality's thick gloom
 Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
 Veils the mystery of doom,
 In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
 In the auld kirk-yard,
 Though time's death-brooding wing
 Shade the auld kirk-yard.
 The light of many a hearth,
 Its music and its mirth,
 Sleep in the deep dark earth
 Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
 In the auld kirk-yard ;
 They hear nae kindred weep
 In the auld kirk-yard.
 The sire, with silver hair,
 The mother's heart of care,
 The young, the gay, the fair,
 Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
 In the auld kirk-yard,
 Wi' a passport to the sky
 Frae the auld kirk-yard ;
 That when thy sand is run,
 And life's weary warfare done,
 Ye may sing o' victory won
 Where there 's nae kirk-yard.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

TUNE—" *Long, long ago.*"

HAD I the wings of a dove, I would fly
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;
 Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;

Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
 Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
 Hearts, like their garments, are pure as the snow,
 Far, far away ; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;
 Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;
 There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
 Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast ;
 Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
 Far, far away ; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;
 One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
 Far, far away ; far, far away ;
 The river of crystal, the city of gold,
 The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
 Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
 Far, far away ; far away.

List ! what yon harpers on golden harps play ;
 Come, come away ; come, come away ;
 Falling and frail is your cottage of clay ;
 Come, come away ; come, come away :
 Come to these mansions, there 's room yet for you,
 Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true ;
 Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new ;
 Come, come away ; come away.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

A PLEASING lyric poet, William Sinclair, was born at Edinburgh in 1811. His father was a trader in the city. Receiving an ordinary education, he became in his fourteenth year apprentice to a bookseller in Frederick Street. A large circulating library connected with the establishment enabled him to gratify an ardent love of reading, and brought him into contact with persons of strong literary tastes. Quitting the business of bookseller, he proceeded to Dundee, as clerk in a lawyer's office. He afterwards accepted a situation in the Customs at Liverpool. His official services were subsequently transferred to Leith, where he had the privilege of associating with the poets Moir, Gilfillan, and Vedder.

Early devoted to song-writing, Mr Sinclair, while the bookseller's apprentice, contributed verses to the newspapers and popular periodicals. Some of his poetical compositions have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The poet Robert Nicoll submitted the first edition of his poems to his revision. In 1843 he published an octavo volume of poems and songs, with the title "Poems of the Fancy and the Affections." To Major de Renzy's "Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington," published in 1852, he was a conspicuous contributor. Several of his songs have been set to music. Mr Sinclair has latterly resided in Stirling, where he holds the situation of reporter to one of the local journals.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

THY queenly hand, Victoria,
 By the mountain and the rock,
 Hath planted 'midst the Highland hills
 A Royal British Oak ;
 Oh, thou guardian of the free !
 Oh, thou mistress of the sea !
 Trebly dear shall be the ties
 That shall bind us to thy name,
 Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
 To thy fame, to thy fame !

The oak hath scatter'd terror
 O'er our foemen from our ships,
 They have given the voice of England's fame
 In thunders from their lips ;
 'Twill be mirror'd in the rills !
 It shall wave among the hills !
 And the rallying cry shall wake
 Nigh the planted of thy hand,
 That the loud acclaim may break
 O'er the land, o'er the land !

While it waves unto the tempest,
 It shall call thy name to mind,
 And the " Gathering " 'mong the hills shall be
 Like the rushing of the wind !
 Arise ! ye Gaels, arise !
 Let the echoes ring your cries,
 By our mountain's rocky throne,
 By Victoria's name adored—
 We shall reap her enemies down
 With the sword, with the sword !

Oh, dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be ;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee !
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths, who stand around,
Like brave slips from Freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee !

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age :
By thy royal voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave !

EVENING.

OH, how I love the evening hour,
Its calm and tranquil sky,
When the parting sun from a sea of gold
Is passing silently ;
And the western clouds—bright robes of heaven—
Rest gently on the breast of even !

How calm, how gorgeous, and how pure,
 How peaceful and serene !
 There is a promise and a hope
 Enthroned o'er all the scene ;
 While, blushing, with resplendent pride,
 The bright sun lingers on the tide.

The zephyrs on the waveless sea
 Are wrapt in silent sleep,
 And there is not a breath to wake
 The slumbers of the deep—
 Peace sits on her imperial throne,
 And sounds of sadness there are none !

Methinks I hear in distance harps
 By heavenly seraphs strung,
 And in the concave of the sky
 The holy vespers sung !
 Oh, thou great Source of light and power,
 We bless thee for the evening hour !

MARY.

If there 's a word that whispers love
 In gentlest tones to hearts of woe,
 If there 's a name more prized above,
 And loved with deeper love below,
'Tis Mary.

If there 's a healing sound beneath
 To soothe the heart in sorrow's hour,
 If there 's a name that angels breathe
 In silence with a deeper power,
'Tis Mary.

It softly hangs on many a tongue
 In ladies' bower and sacred fane,
 The sweetest name by poets sung—
 The high and consecrated strain—
 Is Mary.

And Scotia's Bard—life's holiest dream
 Was his, the silent heavens above,
 When on the Bible o'er the stream
 He vowed his early vows of love
 To Mary.

Oh, with the sweet repose of even,
 By forest lone, by fragrant lea,
 And by thy beauties all, Loch Leven,
 How dear shall the remembrance be
 Of Mary!

Scotland and Mary are entwined
 With blooming wreath of fadeless green,
 And printed on the undying mind ;
 For, oh ! her fair, though fated Queen,
 Was Mary.

By the lone forest and the lea,
 When smiles the thoughtful evening star,
 Though other names may dearer be,
 The sweetest, gentlest, loveliest far,
 Is Mary.

ABSENCE.

THE fields, the streams, the skies are fair,
 There's freshness in the balmy air,

A grandeur crowns thine ancient woods,
And pleasure fills thy solitudes,
And sweets are strewn where'er we rove—
But thou art not the land we love.

How glorious, from the eastern heaven,
The fulness of the dawn is given !
How fair on ocean's glowing breast
Sleeps the soft twilight of the west !
All radiant are thy stars above—
But thou art not the land we love.

Fair flowers, that kiss the morning beam,
Hang their bright tresses o'er the stream ;
From morn to noon, from noon to even,
Sweet songsters lift soft airs to heaven,
From field and forest, vale and grove—
But thou art not the land we love.

To high and free imaginings
Thy master minstrels swept the strings,
The brave thy sons to triumph led,
Thy turf enshrouds the glorious dead,
And Liberty thy chaplet wove—
But thou art not the land we love.

From the far bosom of the sea
A flood of brightness rests on thee,
And stately to the bending skies
Thy temples, domes, and turrets rise :
Thy heavens—how fair they smile above !
But thou art not the land we love.

Oh, for the bleak, the rocky strand,
The mountains of our native land !

Oh, for the torrents, wild, and free,
And their rejoicing minstrelsy !
The heath below, the blue above,
The altars of the land we love !

IS NOT THE EARTH.

Is not the earth a burial place
Where countless millions sleep,
The entrance to the abode of death,
Where waiting mourners weep,
And myriads at his silent gates
A constant vigil keep ?

The sculptor lifts his chisel, and
The final stroke is come,
But, dull as the marble lip he hews,
His stiffened lip is dumb ;
Though the Spoiler hath cast a holier work,
He hath called to a holier home !

The soldier bends his gleaming steel,
He counts his laurels o'er,
And speaks of the wreaths he yet may win
On many a foreign shore ;
But his Master declares with a sterner voice,
He shall break a lance no more !

The mariner braved the deluge long,
He bow'd to the sweeping blast,
And smiled when the frowning heavens above
Were the deepest overcast ;
He hath perish'd beneath a smiling sky—
He hath laid him down at last.

Far in the sea's mysterious depths
 The lowly dead are laid,
 Hath not the ocean's dreadful voice
 Their burial service said ?
 Have not the quiring tempests rung
 The dirges of the dead ?

The vales of our native land are strewn
 With a thousand pleasant things ;
 The uplands rejoicing in the light
 Of the morning's flashing wings ;
 Even there are the martyrs' rugged cairns—
 The resting-place of kings !

And man outpours his heart to heaven,
 And " chants his holiest hymn,"
 But anon his frame is still and cold,
 And his sparkling eyes are dim—
 And who can tell but the home of death
 Is a happier home to him ?

OH, LOVE THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER
 DEAR ! *

OH, love the soldier's daughter dear—
 He fell on Balaklava's plain,
 Yet ere he found a soldier's bier
 He blest his beauteous child again ;

* This song, and the following, have been contributed by Mr Sinclair to the present work.

Though o'er the Light Brigade like rain,
 War's deadly lightning swiftly fell,
 On—on the squadron charged amain
 Amidst that storm of shot and shell !
 Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear,
 A jewel in his heart was she,
 Whose noble form disdain'd the storm,
 And, Freedom, fought and died for thee !

Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear—
 Even like a knight of old romance,
 Brave Cardigan, disdaining fear,
 Heard but the bugle sound—advance !
 And paler droops the flower of France,
 And brighter glows proud England's rose,
 As charge they on with sabre-glance,
 And thunders thickening as they close !
 Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear, &c.

Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear,
 And be thy grateful kindness shewn ;
 And still her father's name revere,
 For, oh, 'tis dearer than her own ;
 And tell his deeds in battle done,
 And how he fearless faced the foe,
 And urged the snorting war-horse on
 With death above, around, below !
 Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear, &c.

Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear,
 Who lowly bends at sorrow's shrine ;
 Her father's glorious deeds appear,
 And laurels round her brow entwine ;

In that full eye, that seems divine,
 Her sire's commanding ardour glows ;
 His blood, that flow'd for thee and thine,
 Within his daughter's bosom flows !
 Oh, love the soldier's daughter dear,
 A jewel in his heart was she,
 Whose noble form disdain'd the storm,
 And, Freedom, fought and died for thee !

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING.

To Scotland's ancient realm
 Proud Edward's armies came,
 To sap our freedom, and o'erwhelm
 Our martial force in shame :
 "It shall not be !" brave Wallace cried ;
 "It shall not be !" his chiefs replied ;
 "By the name our fathers gave her,
 Our steel shall drink the crimson stream,
 We 'll all her dearest rights redeem—
 Our own broadswords shall save her !"

With hopes of triumph flush'd,
 The squadrons hurried o'er
 Thy bridge, Kildean, and heaving rush'd
 Like wild waves to the shore :
 "They come—they come !" was the gallant cry ;
 "They come—they come !" was the loud reply ;
 "O strength, thou gracious Giver !
 By Love and Freedom's stainless faith,
 We 'll dare the darkest night of death—
 We 'll drive them back for ever !"

All o'er the waving broom,
 In chivalry and grace,
 Shone England's radiant spear and plume,
 By Stirling's rocky base:
 And, stretching far beneath the view,
 Proud Cressingham! thy banners flew,
 When, like a torrent rushing,
 O God! from right and left the flame
 Of Scottish swords like lightning came,
 Great Edward's legions crushing!

High praise, ye gallant band,
 ' Who, in the face of day,
 With a daring heart and a fearless hand,
 Have cast your chains away!
 The foemen fell on every side—
 In crimson hues the Forth was dyed—
 Bedew'd with blood the heather,
 While cries triumphal shook the air—
 " Thus shall they do, thus shall they dare,
 Wherever Scotsmen gather!"

Though years like shadows fleet
 O'er the dial-stone of Time,
 Thy pulse, O Freedom! still shall beat
 With the throb of manhood's prime!
 Still shall the valour, love, and truth,
 That shone on Scotland's early youth,
 From Scotland ne'er dissever;
 The Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle stern
 Shall wave around her Wallace cairn,
 And bless the brave for ever!

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE writer of Nursery Songs in "Whistle Binkie," William Miller, was born at Parkhead, Glasgow, about the year 1812. He follows the profession of a cabinet-turner in his native city. "Ye cove a'," which we sub-join, amply entitles him to a place among the minstrels of his country.

 YE COWE A'.

AIR—"Comin' through the rye."

I WILED my lass wi' lovin' words to Kelvin's leafy shade
And a' that fondest heart can feel, or tongue can tell, I
said;

But nae reply my lassie gied—I blamed the waterfa';
Its deavin' soun' her voice might droun'. "Oh, it
coves a'!

Oh, it coves a'!" quo' I; "oh, it coves a'!
I wonder how the birds can woo—oh, it coves a'!"

I wiled my lass wi' lovin' words to Kelvin's solemn
grove,

Where silence in her dewy bowers hush'd a' sounds but
o' love;

Still frae my earnest looks an' vows she turn'd her head
awa';

Nae cheerin' word the silence heard. "Oh, this coves a'!

Oh, this coves a'!" quo' I; "oh, this coves a'!"
To woo I'll try anither way—for this coves a'!"

I wiled my lass wi' lovin' words to where the moonlight
fell,
Upon a bank o' bloomin' flowers, beside the pear-tree
well ;
Say, modest moon, did I do wrang to clasp her waist
sae sma',
And steal ae kiss o' honey'd bliss? "Oh, ye cowe a'!
Oh, ye cowe a'!" quo' she; "oh, ye cowe a'!
Ye might hae speer'd a body's leave—oh, ye cowe a'!"

"I'll to the clerk," quo' I, "sweet lass; on Sunday
we'll be cried,
And frae your father's house, next day, ye'll gang a
dear-lo'ed bride."
Quo' she, "I'd need anither week to mak a gown mair
braw;"
"The gown ye hae, we'll mak it do!" "Oh, ye
cowe a'!"
Oh, ye cowe a'!" quo' she; "oh, ye cowe a'!"
But wilfu' folk maun hae their way—oh, ye cowe a'!"

ALEXANDER HUME.

ALEXANDER HUME was born at Edinburgh on the 17th February 1811. He is employed as a journeyman cabinetmaker in that city. As a musical composer he has attained considerable eminence. The following popular songs from his pen are published with music of his own composition.

MY AIN DEAR NELL.

OH, bonnie Nelly Brown, I will sing a song to thee ;
Though oceans wide between us row, ye'll aye be dear
to me ;
Though mony a year's gane o'er my head since, down
in Linton's dell,
I took my last fond look o' thee, my ain dear Nell.
Oh, tell me, Nelly Brown, do you mind our youthfu'
days,
When we ran about the burnie's side, or speel'd the
gow'ny braes ;
When I pu'd the crawpea's blossom, an' the bloomin'
heather-bell,
To twine them round thy bonnie brow, my ain dear
Nell !

How often, Nelly Brown, hae we wander'd o'er the
lea,
Where grow the brier, the yellow bloom, an' flowery
hawthorn-tree ;
Or sported 'mang the leafy woods, till nicht's lang
shadows fell—
Oh, we ne'er had thoughts o' partin' then, my ain dear
Nell !
And in winter, Nelly Brown, when the nichts were lang
an' drear,
We would creep down by the ingle side, some fairy tale
to hear ;
We cared nae for the snawy drift, or nippin' frost sae
snell,
For we lived but for each other then, my ain dear
Nell !

They tell me, Nelly Brown, that your bonnie raven
hair
Is snaw-white now, an' that your brow, sae cloudless
ance an' fair,
Looks care-worn now, and unco sad ; but I heed na what
they tell,
For I ne'er can think you're changed to me, my ain
dear Nell !
Ance mair then, Nelly Brown, I hae sung o' love and
thee,
Though oceans wide between us row, ye're aye the
same to me,
As when I sigh'd my last farewell in Linton's flowery
dell—
Oh, I ne'er can tine my love for thee, my ain dear Nell !

THE PAIRTIN'.

MARY, dearest maid, I leave thee,
Hame, and frien's, and country dear ;
Oh! ne'er let our pairtin' grieve thee,
Happier days may soon be here.
See yon bark, sae proudly bounding,
Soon shall bear me o'er the sea,
Hark! the trumpet loudly sounding
Calls me far frae love and thee.

Summer flowers shall cease to blossom ;
Streams run backward frae the sea ;
Cauld in death maun be this bosom,
Ere it cease to throb for thee.
Fare-thee-weel! may every blessin',
Shed by Heaven, around thee fa' ;
Ae last time thy loved form pressin'—
Think o' me when far awa'.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Modern Gaelic Minstrelsy.

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JOHN MACDONALD, D.D.

THE Rev. John Macdonald, D.D., one of the most popular of Gaelic preachers, was born in 1778. He was ordained minister of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, in 1806, and was afterwards translated to the parish of Urquhart, in Ross-shire. While at Urquhart, he began a career of remarkable ministerial success; though it was as a missionary, or visitor of other Highland districts, that he established his professional fame. His powerful voice is said to have reached and moved thousands of auditors assembled in the open air. A long-expected volume of Gaelic poetry, consisting chiefly of elegies, hymns, and sacred lyrics, appeared from his pen in 1848. Dr Macdonald died in 1849. At the Disruption in 1843, he had joined the Free Church.

THE MISSIONARY OF ST KILDA.

The descriptive portion of a sacred lyric composed by Dr Macdonald on the occasion of his first visit to St Kilda, often called "*The Hirt*" or "*Hirta*," after the Gaelic. His missionary enterprise was blessed, we believe, with remarkable success.

I SEE, I see the Hirta, the land of my desire,
 And the missionary spirit within me is on fire;
 But needs it all—for, bristling from the bosom of the
 sea,
 Those giant crags are menacing, but welcome rude to me;
 The eye withdraws in horror from yon mountains rude
 and bare,
 Where flag of green nor tree displays, nor blushes
 flow'ret fair.
 And how shall bark so frail as mine that beetling beach
 come near,
 Where rages betwixt cliff and surf the battle-din of fear?
 It seems as, like a rocking hull, that Island of the main
 Were shaken from its basement, and creaking with the
 strain!
 But the siege of waters nought prevails 'gainst giant
 Hirt the grim,
 Save his face to furrow with some scars, or his brow
 with mist to dim.
 Oh, needs a welcome to that shore, for well my thought
 might say,
 'Twere better than that brow to face that I were leagues
 away.
 But no, not so! what fears should daunt,—for what wel-
 comes e'er outran
 The welcome that I bring with me, my call from God
 and man?

Nor vain my trust! my helmsman, He who sent me,
now is steering,
And, by His power, the wave-worn craft the shore in
calm is nearing,
And scarce my foot was on the beach when two hundred
echoes spake
Their welcome, and a hundred hands flew forth my hand
to take.
And he, believe me, has his best protection by his side
Who bears the call of God and man, from the reef, the
crag, the tide ;
And, for welcome on the shore, give me the flashing eyes
that glow'd,
When I told the men of Hirt the news I brought them
from their God !

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

DUNCAN KENNEDY was born about the year 1758. His father was gardener to Mr M'Lachlan of Kilanahanach, in the parish of Glassary, Argyleshire. In his youth he enjoyed the advantage of attending the parish school, which was then conducted by an able classical scholar. At an early age he was qualified to become an instructor of youth in a remote part of his native parish, and there he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with "Iain Bàn Maor" the Gaelic poet, and enjoyed the privilege of listening to the eminent Daniel Campbell and other pious ministers in the surrounding parishes. He was promoted to the parish school of Kilmelford about the year 1784, and soon thereafter published his collection of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." During his summer vacations he travelled over the districts of Kintyre, Argyle, and Lorn, in search of legends concerning the Fingalians, and was successful in collecting a mass of information, which in Gaelic verse he styled "Sean dana." The MS. of his researches he intrusted to the perusal of a neighbouring clergyman, from whom he was never able to recover it, a circumstance which led him afterwards to inveigh against the clerical order. From Kilmelford parish school, Kennedy in 1790 removed to Glasgow, where he was engaged, first as an accountant, and afterwards in mercantile pursuits. At one period he realised about £10,000, but he was latterly unfortunate and indigent. During his old age he was allowed a small pension

from "The Glasgow Merchants' Home." Several years subsequent to 1830 he resided at Ardrisaig in Argyleshire. His death took place at Glasgow in 1836. He has left a MS. ready for publication, entitled "The Ark of Ancient Knowledge." His volume of hymns has passed into a second edition.

THE RETURN OF PEACE.

WITH a breezy burst of singing
 Blow we out the flames of rage!
 Europe's peace, through Europe ringing,
 Is, of peace, our lifetime pledge.
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, e';
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,
 Faldar, ari, faldar, e'.

Every musket to the guard-house,
 And its lead to furlough send—
 To the tilling of the meadows
 Every gallant bayonet bend.

See, a lusty fleet is steering
 Homewards, to the shore of peace;
 And brave hearts, a host, are nearing
 To the expectant dear's embrace.

See the kilted Highlander
 As from Egypt's battles come—
 Westlander and Norlander,
 Eager for the sight of home.

Seven years orphan'd of their fathers,
Shelterless and sad no more,
Quite a little army gathers,
Shouting welcomes from the shore.

All the echoes are in motion,
All the sheilings ring with glee,
Since, of peace, the paths of ocean
Give the news a passage free.

The birds the dash of oars was scaring—
Hush'd their note, but soon they raise,
To their wonted branch repairing,
Sweetest numbers on the sprays.

Seem the woods to dance a measure,
Nodding as the notes inspire—
And their branches, as with pleasure,
Add their music to the choir.

Of the streamlet, every murmur
Sweetly swells the song of peace,
Chanting, with each vocal charmer,
Joys that bloom and wars that cease.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL was born about the year 1750, in the district of Glencoe, Argyleshire. While employed as a tailor's apprentice, he had the misfortune to lose his eyesight; he afterwards earned his subsistence as a violinist. About the year 1790 he removed to Inverlochy, in the vicinity of Fort-William. Composing verses in the vernacular Gaelic, he contrived, by vending them, to add considerably to his finances. In preparing for publication a small volume of poetry, he was aided by the poet Evan Maclachlan,* who then was employed in the vicinity as a tutor. Latterly, M'Dougall became family bard to Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry, who provided for him on his estate. His death took place in 1829. Shortly before this event, he republished his volume, adding several of his later compositions. His poetry is popular in the Highlands.

* See *Minstrel*, Vol. iv. p. 279.

THE SONG OF THE CARLINE.

O HI, O hu, she 's sad for scolding,
 O hi, O hu, she 's too mad for holding,
 O hi, O hu, her arms I 'm cold in,
 And but a poor wittol to see.

If I go to fair, or feast, or waddin',
 The crone 's in the sulks, for she 'd fain be gaddin',
 A wink to the girls sets her soul a-maddin',

She 's a shame and sorrow to me.

If I stop at the hostel to buy me a gill,
 Or with a good fellow a moment sit still,
 Her fist it is clench'd, and is ready to kill,
 And the talk of the clachan are we.

She 's ailing for ever—my welcome is small,
 If I bring for her nonsense no cordial at all;
 Contention and strife, in the but and the hall,
 Are ready to greet my return.

Oh, did he come to us, our bondage to sever,
 I would cry, Be on Death benedictions for ever,
 I would jump it so high, and I 'd jig it so clever—
 Short while would suffice me to mourn.

It was not her face, or dress, or riches,
 It was not a heart pierced through with stitches—
 'Twas the glamour of more than a hundred witches
 That brought me a bargain like Janet.

O when, in the spring I return from the plough,
 And fain at the ingle would bask at its low,
 Her bauchle is off, and I 'm sure of a blow,
 Or a kick, if her foot is within it.

No thrift she is plying, no cakes she is dressing,
No babe of her bosom in fondness caressing ;
Be up she, or down she, she's ever distressing
 The core of my heart with her bother.
For a groat, for a groat with goodwill I would sell
 her,
As the bark of the oak is the tan of her leather,
And a bushel of coals would avail but to chill her,
 For a hag can you shew such another ?

No tooth in her head, and a squint in her eye,
At the dusk of the day, when her choler is high,
The bairns, nay, the team I've unhalter'd, they fly,
 And leave the reception for me.
 O hi, O hu, she's sad for scolding,
 O hi, O hu, she's too mad for holding,
 O hi, O hu, her arms I'm cold in,
 And but a poor wittol to see !

KENNETH MACKENZIE.

KENNETH MACKENZIE was born in 1758, at Caisteal Leanir, near Inverness. By his parents, who were possessed of considerable means, he was well educated at the best schools in his native district. He became a seaman in his seventeenth year; and while on board composed verses as a relief to labour, and for the entertainment of his shipmates. In 1789 he quitted the seafaring life, and commenced to itinerate for subscribers to enable him to publish his poems. Through the influence of the Earl of Buchan, to whom he was recommended by his talents, he procured an officer's commission in the 78th Highland Regiment. He latterly accepted the situation of Postmaster in a provincial town in Ireland. The date of his death is unknown, but he is understood to have attained an advanced age. His habits were exemplary, and he was largely imbued with feelings of hospitality.

THE SONG OF THE KILT.

My darling is the philabeg,
With scarlet hosen for the leg,
And the spotted curtal coat so trig,
And the head blue-bonneted.

The wimpled kilt be mine to wear,
 Confusion take the breechen gear,
 My limbs be fetterless and bare,
 And not like Saxon donnot-led.*

Oh, well I love the *eididh* † free,
 When it sends me bounding on the lea,
 Or up the brae so merrily,
 There's ne'er a darg that wonnet speed.

Give me the plaid, and on the hill
 I'll watch my turn, a se'ennight's spell;
 And not a shiver from the chill
 Shall pierce my trusty coverlet.

And for the tartan's lively flame,
 In glen or clachan 'tis the same,
 Alike it pleases lass and dame—
 Unmatched its glories ever yet.

Be mine in Highland graith array'd,
 With weapon trim the glens to tread,
 And rise a stag of foremost head,
 Then let him tent my culiver.

And when I marshal to the feast,
 With deer-skin belt around my waist,
 And in its fold a dirk embraced,
 Then Roland match shall Oliver.

* Hen-pecked (Sc.), from *donned*, silly woman.

† Highland garb.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

JOHN CAMPBELL (Ian Bàn), overseer on the estate of Shirvain, Argyleshire, was born about the year 1705, in the parish of Glassary, in the same county. He was entirely uneducated in youth, and never attained any knowledge of the English language. Becoming intimately acquainted with the Scriptures in his vernacular language, he paraphrased many passages in harmonious verse; but, with the exception of fifteen hymns or sacred lays which were recovered from his recitation by the poet Duncan Kennedy, the whole have perished. The hymns of John Campbell retain much popularity among the Gael.

THE STORM BLAST.

OH, say not 'tis the March wind! 'tis a fiercer blast that
drives
The clouds along the heavens, 'tis a feller sweep that
rives
The image of the sun from man; a scowling tempest
hurls
Our world into a chaos, and still it whirls and whirls.
It is the Boreal blast of sin, else all were meek and
calm,
And Creation would be singing still its old primeval
psalm.
Woe for the leaf of human life! it flutters in the sere,
And what avails its dance in air, with dust and down-
come near?
That airy dance, what signifies the madness that in-
spires?
The king, the clown, alike is borne along, alike expires.
Come let us try another weird—the tempest let us
chain;
A bridle for the passions ho! for giant pride a rein!
Thus quelleth grace the master-craft that was the cause
of all
The ruin that befell us in the whirlwind of the Fall.

JAMES M'GREGOR, D.D.

THE Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., Presbyterian minister at Nova Scotia, was born in 1762, in the vicinity of Comrie, Perthshire. He entered on ministerial duty in Nova Scotia shortly after becoming a probationer, and continued in this important sphere of clerical labour to the close of his life. He died at Pictou on the 1st of March 1830, in his 68th year. Dr Macgregor composed excellent sacred verses in Gaelic. His general scholarship and attainments were publicly acknowledged by his receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Glasgow.

LIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

OF learning long a scantling was the portion of the
 Gael,
 Untaught by calculation's art their loss or gain to un-
 veil,
 Though well was seen the Saxon's power their interest
 to betray;
 But now, to knowledge thanks, the Gael are letter-wise
 as they.

Well fare the benefactors who have raised us from the
 ground,
 Even as were raised from brutal dust our countrymen
 around;
 Now ignorance shall furl her wing, and while our hopes
 aspire,
 To all her native darkness she must in despair retire.
 Each nook will have its scholar craft, and high in
 learning's scale
 Will mount the inspirations of the language of the Gael.

* * * * *

Yes! now the trusty Highlander aloft shall raise his
 head,
 As large as is his native worth, his wealthy arts shall
 spread;

* Composed on hearing of the late Principal Baird's successful expedition to the Highlands, for the purpose of establishing the General Assembly's Schools.

Inventions crowd to save him from the poor man's bitter
doom,
And well-taught skill, to grace with comfort's ray his
humblest home.
No more o'er weakness shall exult the mighty and the
proud—
No more in nakedness shall 'plain his lot the wretch
aloud.

O, sure are coming nigh our hills the auspices fore-
told,
When he shall fail to vaunt his power who chain'd
our sires of old,
In iron bands who held them fast, but now he droops
with fear;
Delusion's age is past, and strife avows the smile, the
tear,
That sympathy or fondness ask,—and the sad world is
fain
To welcome its return to love and innocence again.

END OF VOL. V.

